

NEW SERIES. No. 11.

THE SATIRIST,

OR

MONTHLY METEOR.

JUNE 1st, 1813.

THE UPROAR HOUSE.

WHILE kings and princes change scenes, and assume and lay down characters at pleasure—while the hurly burly of contest rages, and confusion is worse confounded in a grand scale upon the face of the earth, it is some relaxation to look, from the deep and bloody deeds of more elevated personages, to the equally bitter, but less mortal and disgusting, squabbles which agitate the inferior *gens du monde*. A late disgraceful exhibition at the “most elegant place of public amusement,” because it is the resort of hungry foreigners, gambling duchesses, intriguing countesses, and pimping peers—this elegant Theatre, to which the King’s name is most unfitly fitted, having been made the scene of dishonour to the King’s soldiers, of outrage to the King’s peace, and of danger to the King’s liege subjects, has been deemed, from its foulness, a fair subject for the labours of the Caricaturist. Here, by a

slight anachronism, he has exhibited the first of singers, the first of dancers, the first of flyers, the first of fighters, the first of fiddlers, the first of fools, the first of managers, and the first of every order and description of cheats, rascallions, and bubblers, which this wise and happy island produces or entertains. The print speaks for itself—the likeness of most of the characters will be recognised by metropolitan spectators, and the labels will introduce the *dramatis personæ* to the acquaintance of distant readers. With regard to animadversion from the Satirist, not only on this individual occasion, but on the whole system of the Opera House, if the burning shame does not speak for itself, and bring down its own condemnation, we are sure that no painting of the vice of enduring such iniquitous folly on our part can have the effect of reforming this nuisance altogether.

Since we are upon the subject, however, and have in our publications for the last three or four months furnished the public with absolutely every particle of the information it possesses on the state of the Italian Opera, it may be as well to insert a few comments here as under the usual Theatrical Head.

CHARITY is a virtue as apt to fail in practice as any other; that of Catalani (to whose merits as a performer our present Number does noble and ample justice) had a severe tumble down in the last week of April, too late to be noticed in the pages of the Satirist immediately succeeding, but not too remotely to be yet forgotten. On a sudden qualm of the *yellow fever* coming over her, she refused to sing till all her old arrears were paid up, and it was her absence on this score which gave rise to what we term the unmannerly, uncivilized, and shameless outrage, and what the lobby loungers call the *fun*, which disgraced this Theatre, and ended in the destruction of a

good deal of the property belonging to it. The sentinels, of whom six are stationed on the wings of the stage to save it from disorderly intrusion, were forcibly disarmed, and must either have imbrued their bayonets in the blood of the senseless rioters, or submitted, as they most considerately and kindly did, to the insult of having their arms wrested from them, and thrown into the orchestra. The leader of this *Opera fun*, after achieving this heroic exploit, came forward with his brave followers to exhibit himself in triumph upon the stage. His action, on being hissed for this presumption, was too gross and ungentlemanly to be mentioned. And this was the scene presented to the noble dames of England, the youthful daughters of our nobility, and the delicate and polite of all ranks of life!!! The outrage brought forward several gentlemen from other parts of the house, who collared the offender, and pulled hard at his stubborn neck, in order to force him down on his knees before the audience. In vain; for, though nearly strangled, he never bent his knee, and maintained a most singular stiffness of limb for a man who pretended to be so *drunk* (excellent apology!) as he said he was in his equivocal excuse published in the newspapers next morning. Yet this person, who disarmed soldiers, and exposed his person ignominiously and rudely, is—we blush to write it—an officer; nay, the son of a general!!!—The consequence of this disturbance has been an order from the Lord Chamberlain (which the Morning Chronicle declaims against as hostile to the liberties of the subject) to shut up the communication between the audience and the stage.

Catalani, rather afraid of losing the good opinion of the town, and of being prosecuted for damages as threatened (we believe) by the litigious manager now in the Fleet, affected to put the whole business into the hands of the

Chamberlain. His Lordship, however, not desirous of being involved so deeply in these matters as the Lord Chancellor, after examining the papers, returned them, with an opinion that this was more a matter to be decided at common law than in his office. The truth is, that, for the last and present season, she had been punctually paid; and her demand was for an *old arrear*, which had been converted into bills payable with interest, and which she ought not in justice or gratitude to have enforced by insultingly withholding herself from the public. It was a private concern between her and Mr. Taylor, with which the public had nothing to do, and yet they were treated with this scorn and insolence. Her defence is before us—the article in her engagement, and an assertion that every body had been paid. This article, we understand, was presented to Taylor at the opening of the present year, and, *modest* as it is, the imposition certainly forced upon him through his necessities, as without the accession of Catalani he could scarcely have commenced the season. But this is entirely of a piece with all the other rapacious acts of this singer, in common with the other foreign harpiers, who come hither only to plunder, and return to France laden with the spoils.

At the beginning of the season before this, she stipulated, as a *sine qua non*, "*That all Operas in which she was to sing, were to be under her sanction and direction in every branch;*" and this will account for her throwing dresses on the fire, ordering new ones out of character, and her refusal to sing Boadicea, because, forsooth, she is affronted by singing with all the secondary parts in it.

In the second place, she alleges that every body has been paid but her: this is an impudent fallacy. The troop of singers is composed of ten people, of whom only Tramezzani has been paid his arrears, because he also

used *compulsive* means, and succeeded; but these compulsions are against the interest of those 600 poor creatures whom Madame Catalani insolently boasted to have supported and given bread to. These first-rate harpies are the cause in part that they have not been paid. These harpies, we repeat, of a first-rate *sine qua non*, are the cause of the second rates not being paid. To prove this—

Catalani (besides two benefit nights) has	£3,500
Tramezzani	1,500
Naldi	1,000
	<hr/>
Total	£6,000

The remaining seven singers have amongst them all, in total, the sum of £2,230.

Amongst these seven poor devils remains about £1,409, including near £500 due to Naldi, and without considering a few hundred more due to artists of immediate necessity to the music establishment, and not being singers. Thus only £500 are owing to one individual out of £6,000 among Three, and £1,400 among Seven!!! out of £2,230. They say the money is locked up in Chancery, but there is money for all—Good gracious, what a comfort!!!

As Madame Catalani re-appears, she must have been satisfied somehow! So much for Opera tactics in the pecuniary way—now for the stage.

Madame Ferlendis, after having gone through her apprenticeship under the discipline of some of the “despicable disappointed managers” of this Theatre, and having got cash in hand*, as she insisted upon (wisely per-

* Madame Ferlendis was to appear a week before; but she refused to come forward unless £100 was paid to her; it was so stipulated, true, but the money was locked up in Chancery, and borrowed of course by the Manager.—Ed.

haps considering the *correctness* of the actual manager), made her *debut* in the *Dama Soldata*. Her voice is good, and of an uncommonly fine tone—her acting various, and in every way admirable. She was received with great applause, and must become a great favourite in her line, particularly in more determinate characters than the three she represents in this piece, viz. a lady, a peasant, and a soldier, in all of which she is successful and excellent: in fine, she is a very great acquisition to the stage.

It is unnecessary to criticise the opera, which is founded on *La femme Soldat*, a French piece, which, being the *Cheval de bataille* (or hobby-horse) of Madame Ferlendis in her every first appearance in every country, has been, and will of necessity be, altered according to her caprice and pleasure. Who, for example, could think that, in the 1st act, the 6th scene in the garden belonged to the original drama? A lady at an inn, and travelling, comes out in the next scene in a garden, courted by a chorus of gardeners (mind this, reader, because chorus is a point of etiquette), whom, by the by, she calls *pastori*, shepherds, and chatters with them of her situation in love. This interpolation is evidently taken from some score or other (no matter which) and sown here, because the actress liked the music. Once for all—a manager who will have a control upon these absurdities of the performers, must not employ Italian singers, because they think it their own right to do what they please. It is always stipulated that they must have the choice of their first appearance, or they would not pass the sea for England. When they are forced to perform a part, or not consulted on it, they do as Catalani has done with *BOADICEA*: the public must go without an opera, or submit to their whims. No writer has said so much as this; but it is literally true. How many grave observations upon operas

have been lost, but for the ignorance of these (what shall we call them?) though unavoidable impertinences.

As for music, how does ORLANDI dare to produce a music before the Morning Chronicle judge, whose ears are as delicate as his eyes, so unlike the harmonies of MOSART and PERGOLESI? POOR ORLANDI!!! with the exception of the Introduction and Finales, which are mutilated and altered, he would not be able to acknowledge fifty remaining bars of the whole score for his own!!!

The new *Divertissement*, "*Les Amans Peruvians*," is admired for the masterly disposition of the dancing part, the only advantage such a first ballet can have to please.



*Mrs. ANN MOORE, the Woman of Tutbury,
to the Satirist.*

MAN of the Moon, to thee Ann Moore
Presumes her mournful strain to pour;
Assur'd that, though no more below,
Thy heart can feel for human woe.

Yoursel, dread Sir, shall judge how hard
My fate has been. My prospects marr'd,
And all the hopes I cherish'd, sent
Into eternal banishment.

For several years 'twas understood,
That I could take no sort of food;
That I to human want a stranger,
Could fast without or pain or danger;
That, scorning nature's common rules,
'Twas mine to laugh at those as fools,
Who lost their time to drink and eat,
And load themselves with bread and meat.

When this report its way had found,
Sages from all the country round
Appear'd, who well this tale receiv'd,
And more than Holy Writ believ'd.
They came to me with cautious greeting,
Saw that just then I was not eating;

And, turning up their wond'ring eyes,
 Sent their warm raptures to the skies;
 Swearing by him who rules the thunder,
 They could not have believ'd the wonder,
 Had not their own unerring view
 Prov'd it to demonstration true;
 As if they ne'er had chanc'd to see,
 Nor even thought such thing might be,
 That any woman at her will
 Could keep her mouth one moment still.

Convinc'd that I could live on air,
 And all my earnings had to spare,
 To want a stranger, and to care,
 Of all the followers at my heels,
 Few came, *when I was not at meals*;
 Nay, hardly any one, that I know,
 Who did not leave behind some rhino.
 Believing that I could not eat,
 They furnish'd me with bread and meat;
 And thought full equal to their sense
 Their pity and benevolence.
 Then with the cash these boobies brought,
 I might have half our market bought.
 Thus liberal those of means not scant
 Are found to those who do not want;
 Thus those well off, get frequent lifts,
 Thus wealthy folks receive rich gifts.

Now mark the change—when late 'twas known
 I could not live on air alone,
 When, after nine days watch, at last,
 'Twas found that I had broke my fast;
 When in a word I frankly said,
 I starv'd myself, to get my bread:
 Then those who gave so much before,
 Came empty-handed to my door;
 Or I perhaps should rather say,
 Indignant from it turn'd away.
 No more of presents they're profuse,
 That I may get whate'er I choose;
 No, those who when I starv'd would give
 Enough to let me feast and live,
 Now that good food I fain would carve,
 Leave me to fast in truth, and starve.

ANN MOORE x *her Mark.*

COMMENTATORS VINDICATED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SATIRIST.

SIR,

IN my estimation, your publication is more valuable than was the famed bow of Ulysses, by which all might try their bodily strength alone; but in the *Satirist* we behold the generous conflict of talent—the sparrings of wits—the magnanimous tournaments of politicians—and Mind only can hope to obtain the victory. Long may it continue so!

But, alas! Sir, perfection is not to be found in any thing human. Even you, actuated by the best motives as you undoubtedly were, have been led into an injustice towards a most valuable and ancient body of men, which, however, I feel convinced you will acknowledge on its being pointed out.

In the exercise of an important public duty as a *Satirist*—to shoot Folly as it flies, and to lash the vices of the age—you have most properly paid your attentions to the venerable fraternity of *Book-makers*; and, in defending the cause of legitimate literature, you have exposed, with powerful and effective ridicule, many of the branches (for the *profession* is divided into many more branches than I can venture to enumerate in this communication!) of the *art and mystery of Book-making*! On some of them, however, you have been unmeritedly severe; particularly on the title of *COMMENTATORS*—a body of men whom I undertake to prove to be as useful as their labours are voluminous, in spite of all the efforts of all the *Dunciads*, or of all the tales and witticisms in

circulation to their discredit. Pope, for instance, thus falsely portrays the antiquary and the commentator:

"But who is he, in closet close y-pent,
Of sober face, with learned dust besprent * ?
Right well mine eyes arede the myster wight,
On parchment scraps y-fed, and *Wormius* † hight.
To future ages may thy *dulness* last,
As thou preserv'st the dulness of the past !

There, dim in clouds, the poreing scholiasts mark,
Wits, who, like owls, see only in the dark ;
A lumberhouse of books in ev'ry head,
For ever reading, never to be read !"

So, Sir, I suppose, that Mr. Pope means to assure us with his "sober face," that those who endeavour to penetrate, with their *owl-eyes*, the rich stores of knowledge that have never yet been shone upon by the sun of the human mind, will—*never be read* ! This is false, grossly false, and the ages of *authorship* prove it ; indeed I would venture to say, that there is not any little paltry *shop* in the kingdom that could not produce abundant *proofs* to the contrary—proofs to show, that the great

* You see, Sir, that even Pope cannot but praise these venerable labourers, for he acknowledges that they are generally characterized by being covered with learning ; then surely it cannot be a crime to look "*sober*" in a closet, for who will believe with Shakspeare, that *gravity* is assumed "*to cover the defects of the mind* ?" Shakspeare himself must have been a grave man, otherwise how could he have played the ghost in Hamlet so well as we are told he did, and yet no one will say his *mind* was very defective.

† This may allude to the learned *Olaus Wormius* ; but, if it be so, I intend to show, in a work which I have had in hand for the last twenty-three years, five months, and a few odd days, giving "a full and complete account, with notes critical and explanatory, of all authors, of whatever age or nation, that have been forgotten by modern times"—how much more praise *Wormius* deserves than is given by Pope !

labours of COMMENTATORS in particular circulate in every nook and corner of the nation. The older the authors are the better, for *old* books, like aged men and old wine, always excite our respect and attention. It has been so in all times. Thus *Horace* truly tells us, that

“*Nævius* * is learn'd by heart, and dearly sold,
So sacred is his book, because 'tis old.”

To bring the question more effectively before us, so that it may apply more immediately to men's business and bosoms, I would ask what the present age would do without COMMENTATORS. Without the labours of such men, without having them constantly at our elbows, who could presume to understand even a sentence of SHAKESPEARE? Without the notes and commentaries of POPE, who could pretend to be able to read *his own Homer* †? Without the labours of a NEWTON, who could hope to extract a line of sense or harmony out of MILTON? Without a *Capel Loft* to point out *beauties* and *sense*, who could admire BLOOMFIED's *Farmer's Boy*? Or, lastly, without the *Self-interpreters* and *Self-expositors* of our time, who could be irreligious enough to contend, that they could understand any one passage or command of the HOLY SCRIPTURES? Behold, Sir, how proofs crowd upon my pen; and I will assert, without the fear of contradiction, that all those commentaries which I have instanced will be read—aye, even when the originals shall be forgotten:—

* *Nævius* is an author that will hold a very prominent place in my projected work.

† An able but a crabbed and an envious critic of the last age, it is true, said to Pope, on seeing the translation, “It is a very pretty poem, Mr. Pope; but you must not call it *Homer*.” But that's no business of mine; let your readers peruse COWPER, if they wish to settle the point.

"They to themselves alone are parallel."

A Latin author (SENECA) has said,

"Longum iter est *per præcepta*, breve et efficax *per exempla*;" and suppose I therefore illustrate my argument by an example of the great and incalculable value of *commentaries, annotations, and verbal criticisms* *. Let us suppose, with Melmoth, that the English tongue may at one time or other become a *dead language*, and that our best authors, our SHAKESPEARES, DRYDENS, SWIFTS, POPES, and our JOHNSONS, were to be raised to the rank of CLASSIC WRITERS in other climes and in other ages—efforts would be made to illustrate their sense, and to translate them; and, as much of the force and propriety of their expressions turn on humour, or alluded manners and customs peculiar to the age, they would inevitably be lost, or, at best, would be extremely doubtful, if it were not for the poreing and ponderous exertions of COMMENTATORS, ANNOTATORS, and VERBAL CRITICS. How would it puzzle future readers of our CLASSIC WRITERS, when they *spoke a dead-language*, to comprehend Swift's well-known epigram, for instance (quoted by you in the last number of the Satirist), on our musical contests in the last age! To them it would be "*darkness all*," or seen only "*dim in clouds*." Then would come the poreing scholiasts, who, "*like owls, see only in the dark*," or rather *through darkness*; and we may imagine, since we

* For, as is truly said,

———"Gravest precepts may successful prove,
But sad examples never fail to move.
As forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly through the sky, &c.

DUNCIAD.

have gone so far, that they would descant thus learnedly, eloquently, and conclusively, on that humorous sally—

“EPIGRAM

ON THE FEUDS BETWEEN HANDEL AND BOUONGINI,

“Strange all this difference should be,

“*Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee!*”

VARIORUM Edition;

OR,

Notes of Various Authors on SWIFT.

Tweedle-dum—tweedle-dee!—I am persuaded that the English poet (poet meant priest or worshipper in their language) gave it thus

“*Twixt twiddle-drum and twiddle-key.*”

So *twiddle*, as every body knows, signifies to make a certain ridiculous noise with the fingers and thumb: then, as this is so clear, I would boldly ask, what word was so fit to express this English epigram-writer's contempt of the performances of those musicians, and of the stupidity of his contemporaries in running into PARTIES upon so absurd and foolish an occasion, especially when a LORD CHANCELLOR of England had previously asserted from the Bench of Justice, that he would not give *five shillings* (in those days gold and silver coins, as they were called, were in circulation) to hear “*Italian singing and music for a whole year!*” An irrefragable proof of the value of their music, for such was the opinion of a Judge!—The drum was a certain martial instrument used in those times before soldiers, soldiers meaning fellows according to one Voltaire, who turned “*heroes for three pence halfpenny per day!*”—Key is a technicality. It was a technical term in music, importing the fundamental note which ruled the whole composition; therefore it will be immediately seen that *dum*

and *drum*, and *dee* and *key*, do not mean quite the same thing; yet the alteration here proposed is so obvious and natural, that I cannot withhold the expression of my astonishment at none of the commentators having hit upon it before me.—*Vide Mouradseynides' " Criticisms exposed; or, the New Lights,"* vol. 37, p. 2711.

Tweedle-dum—Tweedle-dee!—These expressions, it should seem, have greatly embarrassed the critics and commentators, who, by the bye, are extremely expert in finding a difficulty where there is none, and a meaning where there is no meaning at all! To justify the above remark, which I intended for one of severity, let the reader re-peruse the above observations, which were penned by a man of most extraordinary acuteness—one who never allowed any word, however simple it might be, to slip through his fingers without making some observation on it, or finding some fault with the application of it! He was a man of most wonderful powers! But in the above remarks he was evidently wrong, not only in a critical, but in an historical point of view. *Tweedle-dum* and *Tweedle-dee*, the above commentator takes for single words, not phrases; but if they mean or were intended for any thing, they were proper names, and doubtless were the names of the two musicians who occasioned the feuds! Now as to the historical point. The Lord Chancellor alluded to, was not the Chancellor of *England*, but of *Scotland*, a place, according to all accounts, where neither a *tree* nor a piece of *timber* was to be seen; indeed, so great a rarity was *wood*, that when a Mr. JOHNSON, the author of a *spelling-book* or *book of words*, was travelling in some part of that strange country, his *walking-stick* was deemed a natural curiosity, and the people came from far and near to view so enormous a piece of timber; and it is supposed to be from this circumstance that Scotland came to be termed

"*the land of REVIEWERS!*" Again, that Lord Chancellor did not say what is attributed to him above:—he said, he would not give five-pence to hear one *Call-all-night* sing for a whole year!—*Vide C. L.'s "Diversions of Troyston Hall; or, Moon-struck Nonsense in full Splendour."* MS. vol. 125, p. 3763.

Tweedle-dum—tweedle-dee].—How absurd are the above commentaries; how ignorant, yet how confident! But there must be some errors of the press, for, when mentioning the proper names alluded to in the English writer's epigram, there is not a single hint respecting the antiquity or genealogy of the families of the *Tweedle-dums* and the *Tweedle-dees*. But the sense would be very plain with a little alteration. *Wheedle TOM* and *Wheedle THE*; *THE* being a known contraction for *Theodore*, as *TOM* is for *Thomas*, &c.—"*Researches in refined Life!*" [unpublished.]

Tweedle-dum—tweedle-dee].—What pompous, didactic blockheads are the above; indeed most truly might they exclaim, if they could set a proper value on their literary efforts,

"Accurs'd the men whom fate ordains, in spite,
And cruel parents teach—to read and write!"

But to my task, to show them blockheads! In the first place, *tweedle-dum* and *tweedle-dee* were two favourite tunes in those times; and some persons being pleased with one, and some being charmed with the other, the people of consequence divided themselves into two PARTIES, which obtained the names of *Whigs* and *Tories*. The two parties got the names of *Whigs* and *Tories*, according to the historians and the involuntary admissions of the *chroniclers* of those times, from the circumstance of their having had some ridiculous quarrel about sticks, one party having contended against the other, that long fiddle-sticks were

more *harmonious* than *short ones*, and that a species of *white wand* was much better than either, as there was a sort of *magic* in the latter, which could charm and control even the *Rulers of the Land*!—Such was the *origin* of the *Whigs* and *Tories*!—Having thus *proved* that *tweedle-dum* and *tweedle-dee* were only the names of two favourite *tunes*, I would remark, in conclusion, that the *Lord Chancellor* alluded to was neither of *England* nor of *Scotland*, but was the Chancellor of *Great Britain*, a small island in the *German ocean*! And the exclamation attributed to him was not *previously* to the writing of the epigram, but above *one hundred years after*; and it was made with reference to one *Catalani*, a female *ballad-singer*, and not respecting *Call-all-night*, who was a worthless foreigner, that went into the country a beggar, and, on being fostered, she turned round on her protectors, and insulted them for the kindness shown her.—*Vide Grim-Groger's "Vagaries; or, the Ancients made Moderns,"* edit. 5, vol. 13, part 7, sect. 13, p. 27, 354.

Such is my example, and who does not see its force and truth? By this time I doubt not that you are ready to admit how invaluable are elaborate criticism and diffuse commentary of the real kind! In convincing you of the injustice into which you have been led, I trust I have also thrown some new light on the best manner of *making commentaries*; a knowledge that may be useful to those who are guided more by *quantity*, with a necessary portion of showy confidence, than by *quality*, characterised by a laborious effort to promote *USEFUL TRUTHS*. *COMMENTATORS* ought not to be without confidence, whatever may be their other wants; like the Roman soldiers in the reign of Romulus, as drawn by Florian, they ought to act as if they must overcome all difficulty—as if they were sure of conquering worlds of opposition!

But, Sir, you must *now* know as well as I do, what a real Commentator ought to be; and therefore, as I have vindicated the venerable body against your unjust censures, I shall conclude, without trespassing further on your patience than to subscribe myself,

Mr. Satirist,

Yours, &c.

HUGO TWIST.

Round-about Square,

5th May.

THE DASHING SMASHER OF THE EAST:

A Tale of the Nineteenth Century.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BOOK THE FIRST.

The Exploits of Cit-Hammett.*

OH ye who delight to read the pages of history and romance, which give to the world the exploits of heroes and the labours of the gods; ye whose sensibility can shed the tear of poignant sorrow over the clod which was a hero two thousand years ago, whose hearts are torn with anguish by the narrative of fictitious sorrow, gather yourselves around me and listen to my words. Let your overflowing eyes give their streams no more to those who have long ceased to exist, or who never existed at all. No longer waste your time in perusing the deeds of an Achilles or an Agamemnon, a Hector or a Paris. Leave these to the gods who have the care of them, and give me

* It is usually spelt *Cid-Hamed*; but we have altered the orthography to suit it more to the English language.—EDITOR.

your whole mind, while I recount the exploits of a mightier hero, and give to immortality the never-dying glory of *Cit-Hammett*, the *Smasher of the East*, who lived and who suffered in the nineteenth century, "a tale, alas! too true."

From the tower which protects the capital of Persia, the pride of the East, a long street conducts the traveller to a *White Chapel* (belonging to the Greeks); and branching from this near a superb *Leaden Hall* (the depository of the wealth of India), another street leads him to that famed Oriental spot, where the merchants of Lombardy formerly established their residence. It was in this place, so famed in story, that the noble *Cit-Hammett*, *Tandem el Drivo*, lived in the mansion of his father.

Cit-Hammett was born to riches, but he had a heart which could feel for those who were doomed by fate to prove the ills of penury. The poor of the land had long been much distressed, and the generous soul of *Cit-Hammett* panted to relieve them, or at least to revenge. He knew the tradesmen of the City had for a season added to the affliction of those he pitied, by selling their wares at enormously high prices, and on these he resolved his vengeance should first descend.

The illustrious *Cit-Hammett* communicated his plan to some of his *Foster-brothers*, and with them he matured it. He dispatched his messengers on all sides, to collect the new massy copper coins of Persia, which, in compliment to the Ambassador of Great Britain, were called *new halfpence* and *penny picces*. The hero then hired a chariot, of which there are many in the East. His intrepid comrades and *Foster-brothers* he caused to enter the vehicle whence his vengeance was to be launched. The tardy driver he displaced from his seat, and snatched the reins from his hand, at the same time exclaiming, in

a tone which would have made Achilles tremble, "Now we are bang up;—I'll touch up the tits myself, d——ee!"

He said, and the panting coursers (from Ack-ne's distant clime) sprung forward with the rapidity of lightning, and the work of destruction commenced. A Caitiff who made sandals for the feet, occupied the extremity of the line formerly described by the merchants of Lombardy. On him the wrath of *Cit-Hammett* first fell. A massy coin, hurled with resistless force, in a moment demolished the front of his dwelling, and, winged with just indignation, continued its flight, till, encountering the cheek-bone of the cordwainer, it rebounded with a tremendous crash. The wounded man raised his hand to his offended cheek in agony and alarm, and with so much precipitation that he transpierced the gristle of his nose with his awl.

Cit-Hammett continued his course, and a vile *Turkey* Trader next felt the effects of his wrath. A copper shot burst in at the window, and a long chain of pork sausages, with thirteen duck-eggs, fell victims to his fury. A Fishmonger, of distinguished *sensibility*, succeeded. He was reading a book against cruelty to animals, while roasting a lobster alive for a luncheon after tea, when a penny-piece rudely assaulting his jaws, caused him to shed a tear and a tooth at the same moment, and more than ever to deplore the pains which *animals* are doomed to feel. The next discharge from the chariot of the Smasher entered a Lottery-Office, just at the moment the clerk was handing a fancy number to a lady who had been favoured with a sight of the first-drawn in a vision. The missiles of *Cit-Hammett* passed between the hand of the clerk and the extended thumb and finger of the lady; *cashed* the ticket before the drawing; carried it to a Corn-Hill in front of the house, and deposited it near a *Bank* on the opposite side of the way.

The chariot of the vengeful *Cit-Hammett* rolled on, and now took its course through that part of the Persian capital, which, from the singular moderation of the traders of other days, had been called by the grateful Persians the *Cheap Side*; but which now, alas! from that increasing rapacity which *Cit-Hammett* had been led to avenge, had ceased to merit the appellation. The thought of what it had been, and of what it now was, filled the bosoms of *Cit-Hammett* and his *Foster*-brothers with new rage; and the first bolt of their wrath was launched at the mansion of Mustapha Patty Pan the Pastry Cook.

The wife of Mustapha had just tried on a new dress, and was entering the shop to let the man-milliner, who brought it home (and who was eating a custard), see how it became her, when the copper from the chariot announced its arrival with a tremendous sound. Not only the windows of Mustapha's house were demolished, but a long range of glasses which graced one of his shelves, and which were filled with valuable preserves, were also *smashed*, and, dreadful to relate, shed their contents on the new dress of his consort, who, in an instant, appeared to have been taking the benefit of a *Treacle Bath*. The custard fell from the expanded jaws of the man-milliner, who, confounded and aghast, gazed on the scene before him in speechless agony, till, quite exhausted, he sunk breathless on his box, crushing, as he fell, as flat as a pancake, a superb stiffened head-dress, intended for the wife of the Grand Vizier. The wife of Patty Pan had by one of the fractures been supplied with a *new eye-glass*. She did not, however, gain it without at the same time receiving a wound. Her intrepidity was too great to suffer this to depress her spirits, or prevent her from rousing herself to instant exertions. With the assistance of her new eye-glass, she was enabled to discover whence the volley came, and, advancing with a hasty step towards

the door (kicking the man-milliner and his band-box before her into the kennel), to mark the course taken by the chariot of *Cit-Hammett*. Then calling to her aid Mustapha, and the men under his command, she addressed them as follows:

“Kneaders of dough, Bakers of custards, Makers of tarts, valiant Pastry-cooks, behold the ravages which a ferocious enemy has made in the, till now, peaceful abode of Mustapha Patty Pan. Behold yonder the foe pursues serenely his career. Follow him; but, Pastry-cooks, be wise as ye are valiant: do not rashly go in a body, lest he observe your approach. Mustapha will lead you on.—Mix with the crowd in the street, and watch his progress, till you are enabled so to surround the enemy, that victory shall be certain.”

This speech was received with loud acclamations, and, shouting “Victory or Death,” the pastry-cooks departed, resolved to beat *Cit-Hammett* to a jelly.

Meanwhile, the heroic Smasher fearlessly proceeded; and a Glover and a Hosier were among the next who mourned the effects of his ire. A discharge at the shop of a Silversmith and a vender of watches, next, did noble execution. A silver tea-pot leaped on a rich liquor-stand, which, falling on a pendant watch, made that go which never went before. At sight of this destruction, the master stood motionless with amazement, while a customer from the West, who had just agreed on purchasing a diamond ring which he wished to present to himself as a mark of sincere regard, was so alarmed by the shock, that he instantly betook himself to flight.

The Silvermith, on missing his customer, politely followed him to the door, where he found the Hosier and Glover, whom the many Pastry-cooks had engaged to join in the pursuit of *Cit-Hammett*. Little persuasion was necessary to prevail on him to unite with the forces under Patty Pan, and, reinforced by the Silversmith, Mustapha continued to advance.

The skull of a Boot Merchant (which could not be missed), who was just listening to the catastrophe of his brother, next received a mark of the *high consideration* of *Cit-Hammett*; and he forthwith joined the train which followed his career. A Perfumer, who had nearly cut the throat of a Pawnbroker he was shaving, through alarm at seeing his washballs overthrown by a Smashing volley, now with the Pawnbroker joined the allies; as did a Hatter, a Toyshopman, a Bookseller, a Taylor (whose goose had been sent flying), a Caricature-seller, a Cabinet-maker, a Parasol-maker, and a Tavern-keeper.

A large Stocking-shop, commonly distinguished by a word, which, in the Persian language, signifies Nuisance, next attracted the notice of *Cit-Hammett*. A penny-piece, hurled by one of his *Foster*-brothers, hit a workman who was fearlessly weaving with his back towards the street. Its edge struck him just at the termination of the spine, and he leaped from his seat with a degree of agility which would have filled a posture-master with admiration. The Stocking-maker forthwith added to the gathering cloud of pursuit.

Meanwhile *Cit-Hammett* and his *Foster*-brothers determined on proceeding up the street which bears the name of "*Fleet*," probably from the facilities which it gives those who belong to the fleet, when they wish to approach the Strand. To carry this resolution into effect, it was necessary to pass through the yard of a church dedicated to St. Paul, which the Christains have been permitted to erect in the capital of Persia. The delay caused by this debate, gave the allies time to come up with the chariot of the avenger, in the church-yard; and here, from the advantages of the ground, they determined on making the meditated attack.

End of Book the First.

THE BATTLE OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

BOOK THE SECOND.

THE prudent Mustapha omitted no precaution which wisdom could suggest to ensure success. Aware that numbers alone are not always sufficient to decide the fate of war, he sagaciously concluded, that the multitude under his command must be skilfully directed to exert themselves with effect. Sensible that the whole of his forces could not be immediately under his own eye, it was his care, in the first instance, to provide *proper officers* to head the several corps of the army he was about to lead to battle. He procured those whose courage made them fit to lead brave men to glory, whose experience would not fail to counteract any want of discipline in his new-raised levies, and whose swiftness of foot was such, that, as a mark of honourable distinction, they were called *Runners*.

On entering the yard of the church of St. Paul, *Mustapha* having resolved on giving the enemy battle without loss of time, set himself forthwith to make the dispositions necessary for the attack. He directed a portion of the allies under one of these officers, and, accompanied by the wounded Stocking-maker, to defile on the south side of the church with all possible expedition. These, animated by the presence of *Solyman Ro-Manes*, the proprietor of the *nuisance* to which the Stocking-maker belonged, felt themselves invincible, and were cheered as they advanced with the happiest presages of victory. They had orders to make a short *detour* on the south

side, then to cross through the church (which was usually open) to the north entrance, there to form an ambuscade.

A second detachment was directed to post itself in front of the chariot. These were accompanied on their march by the Pawnbroker and the Perfumer, and by *Bulcasin Bull-faceo* the boot-maker, he being second in command. A chosen band of pastry-cooks, attended by the hosiers and the glovers, advanced to attack the chariot in flank, while Mustapha, with the remainder of his force (forming a strong *corps de reserve*), kept himself in the rear.

These arrangements completed, the signal for action was given by Mustapha's throwing up an eel-pie, which he had brought with him for that purpose. "Victory or death" was instantly heard to burst from the advancing pastry-cooks, and the battle began.—Some of the detachment leaped up behind the chariot, while others thundered furiously at the door, and all vociferously called on Cit-Hammett to surrender.

The hero, high mounted on the box of the chariot, gave his foes a look infinitely more appalling than any look ever given by Achilles from his car. "Mizzle Johnny Raws," he exclaimed in a tone of fury, which, though somewhat softened by contempt, made every pastry-cook's heart palpitate with terror.

They parted, but a moment restored to them all their courage, and the fight was renewed. Cit-Hammett said no more, but high raising his brawny arm, he forthwith proceeded to inflict on those who had mounted behind the chariot the discipline of the scourge. He plied the lash with wonderful effect, and pastry-cook after pastry-cook, *cut down*, fell screaming and writhing with agony into the arms of his fellows. Panting now for vengeance, as before for victory, vengeance for their friends untimely *cut off*, as fast as some fell others took their places, rising

like *whipped cream* in a foam of anger, and filled up the ranks. Cit-Hammett felt that his enemies increased in proportion to the havoc he made, and the hero could not repress a sigh while he exclaimed, "This is properly *cut and come again*—Sink me!"

In the mean while his *Foster*-brothers were not idle. A volley of copper coin from the inside of the chariot laid many a brave assailant low. Mustapha perceived this, and advanced with the reserve, when, with equal indignation and surprise, he found that those who had fallen were not overpowered, but had stooped in the midst of the conflict, to scramble for the money which had been thrown by the enemy, like the golden apples of antiquity, to secure a victorious arrival at the goal. He rebuked them with indignation, he flew every where, where the fight was hottest, and at length succeeded in reclaiming the warriors who had wandered from duty. Those who had been ordered to take a position in front of the chariot, now intrepidly advanced, and seized the reins to prevent all escape. This was accomplished while *Cit-Hammett*, occupied by those who had attacked him behind, and by those who attempted to storm the chariot-door, could not possibly be prepared to repel this new and unexpected attack.

Anxiously looking round for the detachment which had been directed to defile to the north, the careful Patty Pan now began to feel no small uneasiness on account of their absence. He knew not what could possibly prevent the advance of that division, but feared something extraordinary must have happened, as the position assigned to them was unoccupied. His apprehensions, however, for the safety of one part of his army, did not cause him to neglect the important operations in

which the main body were engaged. He continued, as it were, to

Ride on the whirlwind, and direct the storm.

He pressed the attack on the chariot-door with unremitting vigour. The comrades of *Cit-Hammett*, it was now perceived, were silenced, and in a few minutes the door of the chariot was burst open. Mustapha, at the head of his troops, instantly leaped in, when, to their inexpressible surprise, they found it empty.

Rage and despair filled the soul of *Patty Pan*, when at this moment a shout of triumph was heard, and the detachment, so long expected, approached from the northern gate, bearing with them a prisoner they had made as they advanced. The church was on this day unexpectedly closed, so that the warriors had been obliged to make the complete tour of the church-yard. In doing this, they had perceived the *Foster*-brothers of *Cit-Hammett* (six in number), who, after their grand discharge, had forthwith endeavoured to make good their retreat, by quitting the chariot at the door opposite to that from which their volley had been fired. The detachment instantly pursued the fugitives, and captured their chief, who was hardly inferior in renown to *Cit-Hammett* himself. The resistance made by this hero occupied the whole detachment so long, that, by the time he was made prisoner, his followers had escaped beyond the reach of danger, and no chance of overtaking them remained to the allies.

Cit-Hammett saw the triumph of his enemies, and groaned with anguish. He nevertheless continued to oppose the most determined resistance to the assailants with his whip, when, lo! its lash became entangled round the neck of a pastry-cook, who, leaping to the ground,

carried with him the weapon of the furious Smasher. The important prize was borne to the General, and Mustapha instantly applied it to the legs of *Cit-Hammett*.

In this awful moment the legs of the hero went up and down in succession like those of the stocking-weavers, or like part of the machinery of the water-works of the bridge of the Persian capital. Mustapha continued severely to play "war's dread game," and smiled at the evolutions of *Cit-Hammett*, as a boy smiles on the effect of his lashes on a whipping-top.

Born to riches, *Cit-Hammett* had received a polite education, and, among other refined accomplishments, which he had acquired from equally eminent masters, he had been taught the science of milling, or, as some have it, to box, by a dustman, who of course became his particular friend and bosom companion. He now resolved to give a new specimen of his prowess, and, descending from the chariot, he magnanimously challenged to single combat the pastry-cook's apprentice, a hero nearly five feet high, whose head at least came up to the chest of *Cit-Hammett*. At the same time he produced as the stake an immense piece of silver, which nearly covered the palm of his hand, and which was of such great value, that a monarch would have held it cheaply purchased at the expense of a crown. For this did the daring *Cit-Hammett* offer to fight; when the furious stocking-maker, grasping him behind by the left leg, hurled him headlong to the ground. The allies instantly pressed forward on all sides, and, having seized the prostrate Smasher by the legs and arms, they bound him to his *Foster*-brother, bore the two bodies pinioned together in triumph through the city, and deposited them for that night in a place which is a receptacle for rogues and vagabonds of various degrees, called in the Persian language, "*Eht Yrtluop*

Retpmoc," which some say answers to what in England is called "The Poultry Compter."

End of Book the Second.

THE HALL OF JUSTICE.

BOOK THE THIRD.

THE pall of night was thrown over the last remains of day, when *Cit-Hammett* and his *Foster*-brother were conducted to the gloomy donjon-keep.

Cit-Hammett would serenely have looked forward to the hour which was to conduct him and his friend to the Hall of Justice, nor have felt alarm at meeting the Cadi, however inquisitorial his power, had not his mind been oppressed by an apprehension that the history of his exploits would be given to the world in the Persian Gazettes, or satirical writings of the wits, and thus, by premature publicity, oppose the future prosecution of his praiseworthy designs. This thought filled his soul with grief, and he made known to his friend the anguish of his heart.

His *Foster*-brother lost no time in consoling him, and begged even to take upon himself the fame of their mutual exploits, and to endure the whole of the punishment. *Cit-Hammett* embraced him with warm affection, at the same time rewarding his devotion with the piece of silver which he had produced while daring the Pastry-cook's boy to single combat. These marks of heroic friendship, and liberal gratitude, were hardly interchanged, when they perceived the hours of darkness had fled, and the

officers of the Cadi appeared to lead them to "the Hall of Justice."

As the modest cowslip bows its beauteous head to escape the rude glances of the inquisitive sun, so did the susceptible *Cit-Hammett*, to escape the vulgar gaze on his way to the Hall, hang down the interesting globe, a little in the form of a head, which nature in her wisdom, for purposes inscrutable to mortals, had thought proper to attach to the upper end of his neck.

The *Flower* of magistrates, the magnificent Selim—Selim, whom all the people honoured with the name of *Butter-Flower*, in compliment to his *head* and his *wisdom*, was this day the presiding Cadi. On hearing that some persons had broke the windows of the city, he forthwith exclaimed, with virtuous indignation, "Bring the dirty rascals before me. They shall instantly be added to the Persian navy. Do not strive to obtain mercy for the culprits; I will be just. If men are poor, they ought not to be mischievous; if they want bread, they must not break windows. We must not let poverty be urged as an excuse for crime."

He said, and no one dared to attempt to move the inexorable *Butter-Flower*. Inflexibly just, he awed all around him into silence; and the only whisper heard in the Hall was, "*Butter* is not to be melted."

The Cadi was again proceeding to show that want was no excuse for sin, when the rank of *Cit-Hammett* and his *Foster-brother* were made known to him. He was informed that their relations were rich, and he ceased. The Cadi was rich himself, and he knew how to feel for others in the *same situation*. He lamented the examination was not a private one.

The captives were brought forward, and Mustapha and his lady, Solyman Ro-Manes and his consort, Bulcasin

Bullfaceo, the wounded Stocking-maker, and, in a word the whole of the allies appeared to bear witness against them. Solyman Ro-Manes first stepped forward, to describe the outrages which had been committed, observing, by way of prologue,

“To do so, Cadi, is my pride,
For me, I come from the Cheap Side.”

The Cadi listened to him for half an hour, and then asked if he had any more to say. “Yes,” replied Solyman,

“To inform the Public he has at this instant the most extensive assortment of Prime Manufactured Stockings ever collected under one roof, which the Public shall have at their own prices, in order to raise the wind. He has (to keep the Manufacture agoing) gone further than a person of weak nerves ought to have gone—and, to relieve himself, was thinking of making application for Parliamentary aid;—but at this moment he thinks there is too great a dust about place and preferment to listen to such matters. He thought also of trying his old friend Jack; but he has been told Jack is more miserable than ever, and has been buying Estates with his money:

So that Cock won't fight.

He has come to the resolution at last to throw himself on the Public, and let them have his Immense Stock of Stockings at 25 per Cent. under the Manufacturing Price, the same as he had them.”

Mustapha and his wife then came forward with their charges, as did the Stocking-maker. The latter being somewhat wanting in eloquence, his generous master (Solyman) undertook to assist him with a few arguments. He began,

“Most noble Cadi,
Believe right glad I

Am you to see,
As you are me.
Great Tippoos Saib he was a rum blade,
And so am I, of another trade."

The Cadi observed, after this very eloquent and penitent address, any thing more that might be urged against the captives, would injure rather than serve the cause. The allies, however, were so ill advised, that each demanded to be allowed to state his particular grievance in turn. The eloquent Solyman kindly offered his services to each, observing,

"If you're in fear don't feel alarm,
If you can't speak, Ro-Manes can,
Your spirits don't let them decline,
I'll speak for all, in prose or rhyme."

The whole of the complainants having been heard, the prisoners were called on for their defence. *Cit-Hammett* shed tears, but said nothing; his *Foster*-brother pleaded guilty, and expressed contrition.

The Cadi summed up. "Good folks," said he, "we ought to be merciful."—"No," exclaimed the wife of *Solyman*; "No," exclaimed the consort of *Mustapha*; and the latter displayed her new dress which had been preserved by the Smashers.

"Worthy people," said *Butter-Flower*, "we were once young ourselves." This sagacious observation (one of the best he ever made) produced considerable effect; but the ladies thought it was unnecessary, as they were not old now. "Look," said he, "at these tender youths, the eldest of them but little more than thirty; can you find in your hearts to deal so harshly by the rising generation? Look at their pretty innocent faces!—their whiskers are hardly yet to be seen; and then reflect to what families they belong, and what rich relations they have!!!"

Bulcasin Bullfaceo here unfeelingly observed, "for that very reason I would not let them escape. If they were poor, oh *Butter!* you would immediately send them to prison."

"Stop your *Clack,*" said the Cadi to the chief of the allies. He then proceeded—"Look on these interesting youths, and judge of their penitence by their tears. Did you ever hear school-boys whose b—ms were whipped blubber so lustily in your life."

"Fiddle-de-dum!" said the wife of Mustapha, "send them to prison."—"Fiddle-de-dum!" repeated the Cadi, in a tone of expostulation, "Oh! consort of Patty Pan, remember you were once young yourself, and might have follies of your own to be excused."

"I had none that were to be excused," said the wife of Mustapha with great indignation; then, addressing herself to her spouse, she spoke thus: "Pursue them to death, oh victorious Mustapha! or tremble to come home!" She said, and left the Hall.

The Cadi proceeded. "Look again at these youths. Mark their grief. There's contrition for you! They knew no better. They will repair the damage they have done, subscribe to any charities you may name, beg pardon on their bare knees, and satisfy you all for your trouble."

The eloquence of *Butter-Flower* was irresistible. All relented but Mustapha. He remembered the last words of his consort, and still opposed the general feeling. All the rest were immediately appeased. The officers were presented with new vestments, and departed satisfied. The wounds and windows were paid for, a sum of money was set apart for charity, and, *flopping* on their marrows, the heroes begged pardon.

Mustapha still remained inexorable; the tears of the heroes and the eloquence of *Butter-Flower* were alike un-

availing. He quitted the Hall in a rage. The Cadi winked as he retired; and now observed, that as *Mustapha* had failed to give charge of the captives before he departed, he was not bound by the laws of Persia to detain them. They were accordingly liberated; and all present knew not which most to admire, the *contrition* of *Cit-Hammett* and his *Foster-brother*, or the benevolent, discriminating *justice* of *Butter-Flower*. The business ended, the accomplished Solyman undertook to supply a moral, by addressing the heroes in these words :

"Take warning, ye who love to ride,
In future how ye pass Cheapside."

—◆—
EPIGRAM

On a Wicked APOTHECARY.

IN Rhubarb for ever he's fated to deal,
In vain to leave business he tries—
The *Rue* from my verses he's destin'd to feel,
The *Barb* his own conscience supplies.

S.

THE C—L AND L—D,

And Correspondence between a Pimp and a Peer.

Mr. EDITOR,

It would be an insult to suppose you are not aware of the comfort and satisfaction which the last Satirist bestowed on the fashionable circles. All men of honour, while reading my letter, felt inspired with new courage; and every chicken-hearted sprig of nobility, who had long trembled at the mere sound of the word "satisfaction," learned in a few days not only to hear, but to pronounce it with composure, and even to talk of seconds, pistols, and bullets, with perfect serenity. Nothing existed to damp the general joy, except the knowledge of the unfortunate conflagration in Skinner-street, which rendered it difficult for those to seek me, who were not disposed to *stand fire*. The destruction of my office appears to me a most mysterious circumstance; but let that pass.

The repose, however, which your publication afforded to the inhabitants of the West, was unfortunately soon disturbed, and the whole duelling world thrown into the greatest consternation and alarm, by a paragraph in the newspapers, stating that a C—l and a L—d had met to settle an affair of honour, actually exchanged shots with loaded pistols, and amicably put an end to the business by the interference of seconds.

It was immediately concluded, on this statement making its appearance, that my plan was merely a hoax, or that, however admirable in theory, it had failed in practice. This was not altogether unnatural, when such men as these were seen taking the old course of firing

paper pellets at the sun and moon. The idea so unfavourable to me, was not a little strengthened by its being generally understood that the parties were too well acquainted, in any case, to think each other *worth powder and shot*.

As my character has so materially suffered through this affair, I must call upon you to insert the letter I now send. My object in addressing you, is, through the medium of the Satirist, solemnly to assure the public that the meeting alluded to was caused by no failure on my part. But for the afflicting occurrence already mentioned, which made it impossible for the parties to find me, I have no doubt the result would have been very different.—As a proof of this, I send a correspondence which I wrote a few days after (on hearing I had been called for), between a Pimp and a Peer.

No. 1.

PIMP TO PEER.

My Lord,

I am just informed by friend Sir Mulciber Grim, that you have asserted I acted a double part in the late projected elopement, by taking your money, and making a fool of you. I feel it necessary to my *honour*, to call on your Lordship for such satisfaction as a man of *honour*, like myself, has a right to demand.

I have *the honour* to be, &c.

PIMP.

No. 2.

PEER TO PIMP.

Sir,

I have just received your letter, in which you state, &c. In answer, I have only to say, that I never asserted you had made a fool of me: that I defy any man to do.

I am, &c.

PEER.

No. 3.

PIMP to PEER.

My Lord,

Though I perfectly agree with your Lordship, that no man can make a fool of your Lordship, I cannot feel that my *honour* ought to be satisfied with your statement, as you know I had but a hundred for the part I took in the affair alluded to. I must, therefore, demand such an apology as will sooth my *honour*, or have recourse to the only alternative left to a *man of honour*.

I have *the honour* to be, &c.

PIMP.

No. 4.

PEER to PIMP.

Sir,

As I have denied having said you made a fool of me, and as you own you have taken money from me, for which (except running of my errands) you never did me any service, I conceive *your honour* ought to be satisfied. I can make no apology.

PEER.

No. 5.

PIMP to PEER.

My Lord,

I have your Lordship's note, in which you say you can make no apology. I must, therefore, vindicate *my honour* by demanding the satisfaction of a gentleman.

I have *the honour* to be, &c.

PIMP.

No. 6.

PEER to PIMP.

Sir,

I will most cheerfully give you the satisfaction you demand, and therefore beg to refer you to my friend.

I am, &c.

PEER.

This, Mr. Satirist, you see would have given the thing quite another complexion; and, when to this had been added the correspondence of the seconds, the parties concerned would have made a most respectable figure in a newspaper. I think no man who reads it will doubt the

writer of it could have made something equally good, and applicable to the case alluded to, which would at once have made them the heroes of three columns, instead of the subjects of five lines.

I remain,

Mr. EDITOR,

Your most obedient,

PEDRO PYROTECHNICHOS.

*Removed to
105, Artillery-lane,
Cannon-street.*



HONOUR! HONOUR! HONOUR!

Gottenberg, 10th April, 1813.

Mr. EDITOR*,

I PERCEIVE by the public papers, which have arrived from England, that a gentleman reported, probably by mistake, to be a Captain and a Knight of Sweden, received a short time ago the honour of Knighthood from the Prince Regent. I am inclined to believe that some obscurity envelopes the origin of both these names of distinction, and that the right of this gentleman to either of them is rather dubious.—It may not, indeed, be difficult to account for the first. *Captain* has long been proverbially a most useful travelling name; sometimes on foreign expeditions, and not unfrequently on excursions nearer home. But, Sir, this is an age of enterprise and invention;

* Having received the information required in our notice to Correspondents (vide last Satirist), we insert this admonitory communication. ED.

and a *nom de guerre* hitherto of rather suspicious character, when not acquired in actual service, is now most ingeniously employed as an introduction to the Prince's drawing-room.—But, whatever might be the origin of this appellation in the instance now before us, we need say no more of it, as it has suffered a total eclipse from the superior splendour of the Knighthood; and, I need not inform you, Sir, that “*de non apparentibus, et de non existentibus, &c.*” Oh! I had like to have forgotten the Knighthood of Sweden, when the *non existentibus* luckily brought it into my mind again. *A Knight of Sweden!* the expression is cautious, however the thing is certainly not impossible, though it would have been some satisfaction to us Swedes, had we been informed to what order the said Knight belongs. To say the truth, a strong suspicion of illegitimacy hangs over this Knighthood of Sweden, which, though it cannot bastardize its offspring, the Knighthood of Carlton House will certainly do it no sort of honour. It is shrewdly guessed that the Knighthood, if it must be so called, was indeed procured in Sweden, but certainly not conferred by the King of that country, nor by the King of any country under the sun. It was no Royal Personage, “who, with unhack'd rapier,” and

“on carpet, laid
Right Worshipful on shoulder blade”—

but the ceremony, though not so splendid, was, unquestionably, much more comfortable—the insipid formality of a court was well exchanged for a cheerful bottle, and the honour was conferred by a man no greater, except round the waist, than the Knight himself. Sir, I am really grieved that a man possessed, as I am told, of many amiable qualities, should so far forget himself. Were no one else indeed concerned, it would be inhuman to say one word upon the subject; he might amuse himself and welcome with his Cap-

tainship and his Knighthood; but it ought not to be forgotten that the Knighthood at least, although frequently as we see degraded, squandered and misapplied, is nevertheless still considered as a reward to men who have deserved well of their country; and I cannot help thinking, that to appear in masquerade in the Prince's presence, and solicit from him the honour of Knighthood, is using a very indecent liberty with His Royal Highness, tarnishing the brilliancy of favours conferred by him, and throwing an air of irresistible ridicule over an institution which ought to be sacred, and a ceremony which ought to be imposing and respectable.

I am, Sir,

With consideration, &c.

ITHURIER.

All the Mimes;

OR,

TOUCHES ON THEATRICALS

On and off the Stage.

(Concluded from page 424.)

PART III.

ARGUMENT.

PHILLIPS. His happy Selection of Studies.—D—mond.
—Sir JOHN STEVENSON.—INCLEDON. His Macheath.—
Master Betty. His early honours. His rapid Improvement since. The difference that six Years may make in an undoubted Genius.—Good Sense of GARRICK in dying before this Genius was born.—CATALANI. Her Semiramide. Her Julia. Her Vitellia.—Conclusion.

D. Come you hither, Sirrah? A word in your ear, Sir. I say to you, it is thought you are both false knaves.

Barachio. Sir! I say to you—we are none.

D. Well, stand aside. 'Fore Gad, they are both in a tale.

SHAKESPEARE.

PART III.

SMOOTH'D by the hands of all the Graces,
 Across the boards soft PHILLIPS * paces.
 Exquisite simperer! Who ever
 Saw man or monkey half so clever?
 So prim, so spruce, so nice, so new,
 A kind of human billet-doux!
 Like those, where city poets shine
 On thy sweet morn, sweet Valentine!
 Common for sixpence to the rabble,
 Who in the tender passion dabble;
 Within all fable, folly, vapour,
 Without mere tinsel, and mere paper.
 Humble my pen. Let D—mond tell,
 How many by his beauties fell;
 D—m—d, whose steady rapture flows
 In reams of madden'd, measur'd prose;
 D—m—d, on whom the Muses break
 Their wind, in dramas twice a-week!
 Let him in sympathy describe
 The bland *Narcissus* of the tribe.
 The speech a lisp; the song, a sigh,
 The glance a kind of "look and die;"

* *Soft Phillips*.—Not the worst of singers, nor even of actors, but full of a lisp and self-conceited effeminacy that would make the best of either offensive. But that this man, who has lived among musicians here, and even knows something of Italian music, should condescend to sing Stevenson's helpless and wailing songs!

The voice a fainting flying tone,
 A breath, a flourish, and 'tis gone;
 The taper leg—enough, enough!
 Of this be-essenc'd powder-puff.
 Yet PHILLIPS, ere the moment come,
 That wraps the world in sudden gloom,
 Scorning to die in Nature's debt,
 E'en thou canst work thy mischief yet;
 Thine be the task, the glory thine,
 To thrill out MOORE's voluptuous line,
 Lispering the poet's daintiest rules,
 To boudoirs or to boarding-schools.
 Who, but for thee, with human ear,
 A note of STEVENSON's would hear?
 Who, when thy little race is run,
 Will stop to laugh at good Sir John*?

* *Good Sir John.*—Another happy instance of the “Grinning honours that Sir Robert hath”—a new member of that Legion of Honour among us, which reckons in its ranks so many illustrious denizens of the cookshop and the counter. The propulsion, however, of Mr. Stevenson among these knights was too decided an attack on the *feelings* of that pure and *high-blooded* body. If to ridicule the whole, it was an excellent contrivance: when they wanted to put down the Order of St. Michael in France, they knighted the common hangman. But it must be owned, that there was nothing so praiseworthy in the present object. Sir John was knighted in seriousness, even if that was not exactly of the most *sober* species. It was at the conclusion of a feast given by a Singing Club to Lord Hardwicke in his viceroyalty, when probably gratitude for the innumerable good things that were lavished on him was the most active of his faculties. Lord Townsend of witty memory, a man of rather a different *calibre*, had once done the same thing, and, in a fit of drunkenness, knighted the innkeeper, who had indulged him with the means

Sir John! Yes, reader, if your eyes
Spread, like twin-saucers, with surprise,
The tale is true. A festive Lord
Laid on his varlet-back the sword,
Where sober sense and just disdain
Had sternly laid the fitter cane.
Go on, bright pair, with mutual zeal;
You bound to sing, all he can steal!

of that happy absence of reason. But he did what he could to disburthen his conscience of the crime afterwards, and in the first moment of sobriety offered to buy back the honours that had been so loosely let slip the night before. Lord Hardwicke, however, with so choice an example before him, had not nerve to acknowledge the fantasies of the hour; and, though in due time perfectly sober, would persuade the world that the knighting of the said Sir J. Stevenson was neither an act of ebriety nor insanity. But let him enjoy his dignities. He might strum pianos, or roar in cathedrals for the next hundred years, without let or hindrance from me, if this fellow, a mere vulgar music-master, had not dared to lay his hand upon the melodies of Ireland, the most delicate, expressive, and touching, of all the reliques of ancient music in the world. *Moore's* words are not seldom those of true poetry, and admirably appropriate to the melody. But when this brawler of bases came to his work, it may be imagined with what unrelenting havoc he tore away before him. Where taste and science would have slowly restored, and touched with trembling, and sought for the scattered ornaments, and wrought with a constant eye on the remaining fragments of this matchless construction of early genius, this Vandal artificer came to break down and deface, and cover the pile with his own clumsy labours, disfiguring to every finer feeling all that he could not rase to the foundation. The Irish melodies, as compiled and *improved* by Sir J. Stevenson, seem to me among the most barbarous efforts of unruly and inflated ignorance that have disgraced the age.

Risking your little dues of praise,
 'The drudging plagiarist to raise ;
 Till, crush'd beneath the helpless weight,
 You sink and drag him to his fate.
 The gipsy thus his motley bags,
 Loaded with robbery and rags,
 Heaps on some straggling ass's back,
 Himself, his bastards, and his pack :
 A moment, then, the elated drudge,
 Long in the mire condemn'd to trudge,
 In all a beggar's proper pride,
 Stretches his legs, and takes his ride,
 Till the unhappy brute below,
 E'en at his best, dull, weak, and slow,
 Bow'd by th' intolerable freight,
 Kicks, plunges, brays, but all too late,
 Dying feels all the struggle vain,
 And leaves him in the mire again.
 With fat and vanity full blown,
 In rolls the might of INCLEDON * !

* *The might of Incledon.*—Of what nature this *might* may be, let me tell in the happy succinctness of "*Utopia found.*"—"Incledon, in his manners, a mixture of footpad and boatswain, who *canters* over his allowance of dialogue, much like the showman of a menagerie describing his living curiosities ; and of his songs, generally roars one part and whistles the rest." This may be true, but let us tell the truth in gentleness. INCLEDON is merely a harmless fat blusterer, who follows his natural talent in representing highwaymen. Having been bred a sailor, and accidentally discovering that he could sing as well as swear, he turned out upon the stage, and has since triumphed as the most undisputed roarer, the very speaking-trumpet of the tribe. Vanity, "balm of hurt minds" and of incurable ones, softens the hours of his decline. Among unnumbered instances of its healing absurdity in the pre-

His face a flame, his voice a hollo !
 The genuine porter-house Apollo !
 Now in the maudlin basso grumbling,
 Now to the shrill falsetto tumbling.
 Thus, in their evening straw, the swine
 Ring the sweet change from grunt to whine.
 Yet, when old Time shall stop thy breath,
 Where shall we find a new Macheath ?
 Who, as the shackled ruffian tries
 To play the braggart ere he dies,
 Like thee with kindred soul shall reach
 The flutterings of his broken speech ?
 The hurried step, the restless glare,
 Half native fierceness, half despair ;
 The toil to turn to gloomy joy
 The hour that sweeps like lightning by ;
 The brief, bold tavern-song, the note
 Buried within his swelling throat,
 Chok'd by the earlier thoughts that start
 With sudden nature through his heart ;
 The wedded kiss, the clasp, the sigh,
 That make the robber loth to die ?

sent patient, it is given, that in the celebrated and savage O. P.
row, when authors, actors, and managers, were equally visited by
 that pelting pitiless storm, Incledon was the only one hide-har-
 dened enough to be unpierced. He always advanced with a
 pleasing confidence of smoothing down his "own John Bull," as
 he facetiously calls him, and even, when hissed off the stage, as he
 regularly was, with the cry of "English Talents," his philoso-
 phic and characteristic consolation as he paced, secure at last
 behind the curtain, was "D—n them ! Where are their ears ?
 What can they want ? English Talents ! Am not I here ?"

Yes, INCLEDON ! when gin or goat
 Shall puff thy flaring taper out,
 Spite of the crimes we've born so long,
 In many a lord and lover's song;
 Spite of thy vain attempts to mutter
 Plain English ! lost in spout and splutter ;
 Yet with thee, mighty INCLEDON !
 We own, the master-russian gone.
 Now for thy fame, prodigious Betty * !
 Nor let that simple title fret ye.

* *Prodigious Betty*.—Let me help the benighted part of mankind to some knowledge of this miracle, by another note from that late happy piece of irony, “ Utopia found, or an Apology for Irish Absentees,” the most powerful specimen of caustic prose that Bath and its absurdities has ever produced. “ Very recently this youthful phenomenon happened to arrive in Bath on a party of pleasure. For three or four days he was seen *jauntily* walking about *Milsom-street* ; soon after, it was buzzed about, that, at the desire of sundry *persons of distinction*, he was to perform some of his favourite characters on the stage. He at last appeared in the various parts of *Essex*, *Hamlet*, to the infinite gratification of crowded houses, including as much of the taste and literature of this astonishing city as could gain admission, and was allowed to be exquisitely incomparable, and unutterably and inimitably super-human, besides being nearly superior to GARRICK in his day. The box-book on those occasions was covered over, till it was as black as my coat No. 2, with the titles of Peers, and the names of illustrious Commoners, chiefly Irish, who thought themselves bound in honour to attend ; because in Ireland it was that this amazing young man first attracted notice ; and from the former and recent sentence of such judges there can be no appeal. His figure was particularly admired : so was the enchanting and murmuring melody of his voice, and the expression of his countenance, arising from his having a fine Roman nose, black and flexible brows, and eyes of sparkling jet ! Such was the enthu-

I roundly swear, though slight the pardon,
 For bards that rhymes run rather hard on,
 That if from STEPHANUS to VOSSIUS,
 I could dig out a rhyme for Roscius,
 Welcome to all your poet's skill,
 You should be *Betty* Roscius still.
 Exquisite babe! whose nurseling prate
 Once soften'd ministers of state;
 While mingled dole of praise and pap
 Laid for thy little heart the trap.
 Pr-nc-sses stooping from their pomp
 To teach thy lubber-limbs to romp;
 Insatiate Y—— on her knee
 Training thee into sympathy,
 And many a fright and many a fair
 Squabbling for love-locks of thy hair.
 Shame on the world! The wonder's o'er,
 BETTY gets drunk with Peers no more!
 No Royal stud in requisition,
 In honour of his mighty mission;
 No morning sips of ratifie,
 Where love and —— kept the key;
 No glance from cloister'd beauty flown,
 Before, behind, beside a th—ne;

siasm excited in Bath by his re-appearance, that laudatory verses poured in upon him from all sides: even the lowest of the writing rabble contributed their offerings—the very scavengers and *night-men* of Parnassus! yea, an auctioneer of the place knocked himself down for a song in his praise." The public folly on his earlier appearance may be now reckoned among the epidemics which sometimes seize a nation, and to which the great are naturally the first victims. The Grecian plague infected the dogs and asses before it rose to man.

No more bewitching, soft, sublime,
 BETTY like CÆSAR yields to time!!
 Thus Poland dwarfs for stivers stalk,
 And spout, before they speak or walk;
 But scarcely man, the cradle-sage
 Breaks down with premature old age.
 Thus pigs, as all the schoolmen say,
 For the first month are wondrous gay;
 But once full-grown the pendant ears,
 They feel the weight of hrd and years,
 And snore by brake, and briar, and bog,
 In all the majesty of hog!

Thus, ere the robin leaves his nest,
 Ere w——s and sharpers slink to rest;
 Ere deep in *Cocker*, pale L——,
 Has pick'd some greenhorn guardsman's pouch;
 Ere C——g on his bench at Brook's,
 Lull'd by the din of black-leg Dukes,
 Grasps in his dreams the paper show'r,
 Then wakes to curse the cards and G——;
 Ere A——ll * reeling home to bed,
 In added heaviness † of head,

* *Ere A----ll.*—How curiously is fame apportioned! If this creature had been extinguished in America, yea by WASHINGTON, “hanged by the neck for the space of half an hour or thereabouts,” such is the classic phrase, all Europe would have been summoned and supplicated for odes, inscriptions, and epics, to weep over the tomb that concealed such a monopoly of virtue. But WASHINGTON's letting him off, was actually the most unfortunate accident in his life. Hanging would have given him fame, saved him from ever being Sir Ch—s, purged and preserved him. Suspension in chains is, as every one who has passed Hounslow knows, a prodigious preserver of “your whoreson dead body.”

† *In added heaviness.*—Added, a “*licentia poetica*,” the thing is impossible.

Wisely withdrawn from ruder wars,
 Finds the true *Venus* to his *Mars*;
 Touch'd by the frost, the dewy show'r
 Hangs its light pearls on bud and flow'r,
 But quickly thaw'd from flow'r and bud,
 Its pearls augment the daily mud.

Thus to her *form* *, unlucky *Puss*
 Comes hunted rumpless home, and thus :—
 But halt, sweet Muse! nor waste thine eyes,
 And wit, in hunting similes;
 Leave them to bards of finer stuff,
 Dead hands alike at pun and puff;
 That nobly soaring above trade,
 Daily forsake the awl and spade,
 And bind their souls till death to dribble,
 Their mite of vomitary scribble.
 Give DIMOND, BLOOMFIELD, PRATT, the hint,
 Away the rapture flies to print;
 Straight down the hill their donkey ambles,
 And CAWTHORNS, WHITELOCKS, CLAVERINGS, CAMP-
 BELLS,
 At once are generous, pure, and great,
 The future saviours of the state;
 And, spite of London's foggiest weather,
 They'll "rhyme you so, eight years together †."
 But Muse! or fed an fog or flame,
 Give one blast more to BETTY's name.

* *Thus to her form.*—All those "thus" fearfully remind one of the "*thus et odores*;" but they saved trouble, paper, and circumlocution, besides having the "*Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος*" fully in their favour.

† Shakspeare.

If GARRICK from the shades could peep,
Heav'ns! how his "fell of hair" would creep!
Lesson to Mime's and Monarch's pride!
To see his place so soon supplied.
Nay, at his best, could GARRICK hope
With all that host of gifts to cope?
Catch the deep graces of the bow,
Fresh from the stable and the plough?
Or e'en, at humblest distance, reach
The touches of thy Yorkshire speech?
Not his the shape, by fine degrees
Bulg'd like a cone from neck to knees;
Not his the face that scorn'd to show
The symptom of a beard or brow;
Not his the eyes' bewilder'd scowl;
Not his, the voice's measur'd howl;
Melange of girlishness and grumble,
Youth's startling scream, and age's mumble.
No! for them all; now help me Vossius,
Hail! gentle! simple! BETTY ROSCIUS!!!
No! ere my verse and raptures fail,
Bright! Bumpkin! Betty Roscius, hail!!!

Foolish the tale, but pass we on!
Whose is that soul-commanding tone,
Now lapsing lovely like the sound
That wanders o'er enchanted ground,
Witching the midnight ear:
Now, rushing with the trumpet's force,
When man to man, and horse to horse,
Are urg'd in full career:
Now in decaying sweetness shed,
Like murmurs o'er the gallant dead?

Her eyes all fire, her cheek all bloom,
 See splendid CATALANI * come.
 Thine, matchless being! thine to wake
 The spells that all the spirit shake!

Who comes so dark, so swift, so wondrous wild,
 Her sable stole loose tossing on the gale,
 Assyria's warrior-queen †, by love beguil'd:
 Well might that eye be dim, that lip be pale,
 For sad and fearful is her spirit's tale.
 Yet still, not less than fallen majesty,
 Will not that solitary spirit fail;
 Though on her glance the dark'ning visions fly,
 What can appal the soul, whose business is to die?
 Again she comes ‡! The Vestal mantle shed
 White as the snow-wreath round her slender frame;
 The Vestal's golden fillet on her head,
 The midnight-guardian of the holy flame.
 What was the sound that on her quick ear came?
 'Tis past!—But oh, the pause of joy and fear!
 The crimson flush of mingled pride and shame,
 The struggling upturn'd glance, the stealing tear,
 Tell that the world and all its dreams are lingering there.
 Full of sweet restlessness, her thoughtful song,
 Like mountain cataract's romantic sweep,
 Pouring its torrent harmony along,
 Then fainting rich, as softest airs that sleep
 At shut of evening on the western deep,

* *Splendid Catalani*.—Probably the most extraordinary person that the foreign stage has ever produced; the *Bantis*, *Maras*, *Billingtons*, *Grassinis*, have given us beauty and grace, action and voice, divided among them; we never have seen one in whom they were combined till now.

† *Semiramide*.

‡ *Julia in La Vestale*.

Stilling the murmurs of the purpling wave:
Such sounds as legends tell us, on the steep,
Where beam'd the cross upon its champion's grave,
The watching angel's harp at lonely midnight gave.

All like unearthly music, strange and sweet,
Wanders the strain that soothes her weary hour.
But, hark!—Her helmed Roman at her feet!
Now, let the storm of superstition low'r!
Welcome the toil, and chain, and grated tow'r;
Well purchas'd by the silent ecstasy,
'The tear that comes like summer-twilight's show'r,
Dropping in fragrance from its starry sky;
The dear enthusiast thought, thus, thus to live and die.

Swift fly the hours of love. The altar's blaze
With fainter beauty gilds that stately hall;
Pale on the golden roof the radiance plays;
Pale on the ivory shrine and pillar tall.
With one wild scream, she sees her ruin all!
Hung o'er the urn, its last sad lustres thrown
On her fix'd face, she sees them rise and fall;
She sees the Vestal, and her love undone!
Now, bursts with one broad flash the flame, it sinks, 'tis
gone!

The spell is wound. The charmer comes again,
By love and love's sweet anguish bow'd no more.
Regal the form; high sweeping with disdain,
Yet bright as prostrate Cæsars might adore;
Vitellia*! pride of Rome's imperial shore.
Wreath'd in her ebon locks the diamond's blaze,
And pearly diadem their splendours pour;
Yet dim their splendours, to that eagle gaze,
Dim, to the living bloom that on that young cheek plays.

* La Clemenza di Tito.

Oh, Italy, delightful land!
Form'd in the pride of Nature's hand!
In other soils, dark, stern, sublime,
The haughty Genius of the clime :
On thee, with lip of rose she smil'd,
A parent, on her loveliest child.

The vine, in sunny tinctures dy'd,
Festoons thy vale's empurpled side ;
Lovely and bright the sun-beams glow
On thy embattled mountain's brow ;
And, gliding by thy pebbly bay,
And forest deep, and turrets gray,
That fading, still their station keep,
Like giants watching o'er the deep ;
Scarce heard above, the glowing wave
Delights thy gentle shores to lave.
But mightier than thy mountain blue,
And richer than thy sun-set hue,
And lovelier than thy surge's sleep,
By marble cave or glitt'ring steep,
Thy native star, whose lustre proud
Burns on through tempest, time, and cloud.

The Genius, whose immortal form,
With all its earlier passions warm,
Vision of majesty! still roves
By Tibur's desolated groves,
In dreams of antique grandeur, still
Weeps to its lyre, by Arno's rill,
And hangs its chaplet's faded bloom,
In pride and woe, on Virgil's tomb.

And shall it never come? The hour!
That bids that form in vengeance tow'r?
That bids the hand that woke the string,
The warrior's living lightnings fling ;

The voice that stole the tyrant's sigh,
In thunder summon him to die;
And rending up her marble tomb,
Call from its dust the shade of Rome?

HARVEY'S MEDITATIONS IN WANSTEAD
PARK.

(Concluded from page 440).

SIR,

THE incident to which I alluded in my last, was one which to you and your readers will probably not appear very important. Candour, however, like yours, will know how to excuse that vanity in man, which is the offspring of his weakness, and which leads him to suppose those trifling occurrences which concern him alone are of moment to all the world. The incident referred to was simply this.

Continuing my perambulation, and at the same time my meditations, I frequently looked around me as I walked on, that I might lose nothing of the interesting scene which the Park furnished to the wandering philosopher. Proceeding thus, while my head was turned back, and my leg put forward, on a sudden my foot became entangled in something which I had not previously observed, and in a moment my body fell prostrate on the ground. This rapid descent of dust to dust, disconcerted me for a moment, but it soon opened a wide field for reflection. I raised myself on that part which had been most injured

in my fall. This I felt was perfectly consistent with the usages of the world, where those who suffer most, are constantly doomed to bear the heaviest burdens. I was then led to reflect on the hidden snares which abound in man's path, which may in a moment lay him low; and from this my thoughts were carried to the cause of my downfall, which I now perceived was an invisible fence, enclosing a young nursery.

This enclosure, I was informed, had been made at the time the benevolent proprietor resolved on excluding the public from the Park. It was interposed between his house and that path which he was obliged by a foolish law to leave open, because it led to a church, as if people who have not Parks of their own could have souls (which are so much more rare and valuable) to be saved. It was easy to see, that when the trees which were there planted had obtained their full growth, it would be impossible for those who passed that way to the church, to catch a glimpse of the mansion which was the abode of this philanthropist. I hallowed the feeling which had dictated this measure. I never doubted but the Worthy who had ordered it, had done so from a conviction, that a glimpse of grandeur serves but to aggravate the sorrows of those who pine in poverty. Scenes of misery only ought to meet the view of the son of want; others are uncongenial, and only calculated to wound his feelings. It was therefore his pious wish that the lowly peasant near him should

" See no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed."

This had partly been the cause of his shutting the gates of this Park; but was pressed on him by one other consideration, which occurred to me just at the mo-

ment I fell. He knew that, by coming a short way to London, various articles from the country were sold at too cheap a rate; his patriotism therefore suggested the propriety of sending them by a more circuitous route, that the produce of the soil might not be sold for less than its value. This arrangement he felt to be necessary for the glory of Great Britain. "Soul of munificence!" I exclaimed, with rapturous admiration, as I sat on the ground, "may thy felicity be equal to thy virtue! May thy peace of mind be commensurate with thy humanity; and may all parts of the country unite to pay thee that tribute of admiration which is due to thy liberality!"

Rising, I pursued my walk, and should probably have continued my exclamation, had not a sound like the moan of distress arrested my attention. I turned to ascertain whence it came, and beheld a venerable old man pensively walking near me with a disordered step, his eyes overflowing with tears.

It were superfluous to say I was amazed to see any thing like sorrow in this blissful region, any thing like affliction within the domain of benevolence.

"Old man in the wig," I exclaimed, "why dost thou weep? Where dost thou come from? for it is impossible thou canst be an inhabitant of these favoured parts."

"I am not," said he, "an inhabitant of these favoured parts," with an accent which told me he deeply lamented that he was not. "Alas! I am not indeed! but once I rented a farm within a hundred miles of this very spot. Many years a prosperous and contented tenant, confident the lands I cultivated would continue to be let to me on such terms as would enable me to acquire an easy livelihood, I forgot to make that provision for my old age which prudence demanded. Satisfied of the liberality and justice of the family on whose estate I had toiled so long, I

never thought the day would arrive when the tenants would be racked. I hoped that the heiress to the estate, who was distinguished for her kindness, would, whenever she married, give her hand and immense wealth to a gentleman of exalted generosity, of unblemished honour, and of genuine respectability ;—not to a ———, notorious for his meanness, a miserable shuffling but I will spare the terms of reproach. They were married, and the gentleman immediately took measures for repaying the ten thousand pounds to the estate, which he had borrowed to pay off a mistress. He had the good sense publicly to declare that he could increase his rent-roll ‘ten thousand pounds per annum, without injury to the county.’ He lost no time in setting about it, for he sent agents to all parts of the country, to warn those to quit who were not content to pay double rent. This action marked the outset of his career, and distinguished the honey-moon. My rent has accordingly been doubled. The steward of the estate, who had been attached to it for more than half a century, was ordered to *Bullock* at us, and rack us to the utmost. The agreements which had previously been made by his advice, were wholly disregarded by the new landlord; and so perfect a change of system took place, that this worthy man, who had wished to see the estate and the tenants equally prosperous, found his life made miserable, and quitted his situation; disdaining to be made the instrument of oppression. Others, however, have been found to carry the wishes of the landlord into effect, and I am ruined. The lady, however, has not much reason to complain, for, excepting now and then, just to give her a black-eye or so, he does not often annoy her with his company. Though harsh with the tenants, he is so good to her, that he very handsomely keeps a———in the same house,

which cannot but be very comfortable for his wife, as she must be sensible she does not suffer alone. The prudent measures he has taken to make himself hated in the neighbourhood, effectually secure them from the trouble and expense of receiving any of the neighbouring gentry; and if the estate has a considerable mortgage on it, it is not because he has wasted his money in acts of charity, but merely owing to his having been *out* lately, and there can be no doubt of his paying it off, when his *luck* turns. What a pity it is so accomplished a *gentleman* should not have a little more regard for his tenants!"

The old man began to weep again. I asked him the name of the singular person he had mentioned. He attempted to give it me; but, interrupted by his sobs, it seemed such a long one, that I turned away before he had finished, to pursue my meditations.

JOHN HARVEY, Jun.

THE JUSTICE UNMASKED;

OR,

"STOLEN GOODS" BROUGHT "HOME!"

———" *Mutato nomine, de TE
Fabula narratur!*"

Αλλο τε μοι ενδειν ηθους περιμνημονευσαι τουδε δε Ανθρωπου ουδ' ετιουν οιμαι. 'Απαντα γαρ αυτου τα της ψυχης παθη ουτος αν αξιοχρεως σημηναι διαρχως ειη.—*Procopius.*

A TRADING Justice—of true "*Bow Street kidney*;"
Whether, the Sitting Magistrate at "*Sidney*;"

"Cadi," at "Fex;" or "Fiscal," at the "Cape;"
 Is question, worth but very little pother—
 "It certainly was either one or t'other"—
 Was lately brought into an aukward scrape!

This worthy wight, through many a mean gradation,
 Had crept at last to that exalted station,
 "Chief Magistrate of his own native village;"
 With many other pretty snug accessions—
 "Guardian * of *orphans* †; chairman of the *sessions*;
 Chief of the boards of *learning*, and of *tillage*."

In short, no place within his ample clasp
 This huge "Leviathan" forbore to grasp,
 In every *warm* department *he* was *one*;
 And soon, in *each* he gain'd such proud ascendant,
 On *him* the other members grew dependant,
 And all their powers merg'd in *him alone*.

Thus, having reach'd the acmè of aspiring,
 Yet still th' insatiate appetite desiring
 Fresh objects, for a genius so unquiet,
 To avarice he its pliant bent diverted;
 And now by babbling *Fame* it is asserted,
 "*Meum vel tuum—suum citò fiet!*"

Eager, and fretful, as are babes for rattles,
 He coveted his neighbour's goods and chattels;

*† By the laws of the country, where "*Quinbus Flestrin*" resides, these two appointments are not tenable by the same person; but, alas! there, in a most especial manner, "*Laws grind the poor, and great men rule the laws!*"

" *The Decalogue must bend as great folks warp it:*
From it—if "*four*" commands a *parson* * kicks,
A *Justice*, sure, may strike out t' other "*six*,"
Nor balk his craving—for a paltry "*carpet*."

A carpet?—Yes! The subject on the tapis,
Is but a carpet!—What the size, or shape is,
The colours, value, or creative loom,
I leave to some more learned commentators;
Referring for solution of those matters
To "*Quinbus Flestrin*," or to "*honest Home*."

This carpet, with rich wares from various quarters,
Had voyag'd over "*the wide world of waters*,"
To *Natives* fam'd for light-finger'd capacity;
But, scap'd from the Sea risques insurers construe,
It laps'd into the grasp of a "*land-monster*,"
" With a *whale's* blubber, and a *shark's* voracity."

Alas! poor "*Home*!" the cold, uncover'd floor,
In vain, with keen vexation, you deplore,
In vain—with carpet destin'd to be spread,
That carpet, wrought with flow'rs, so gaily neat,
Once doom'd to shield from cold *thy gouty feet*,
Now groans with "*Quinbus Flestrin's*" weighty tread!

Now on his Worship's drawing-room, so showy,
The ladies envy his *tapét*, so *mooi*;
And ev'n the men—no spit on it dispense:
While "*Quinbus*," sneering, meets poor "*Home*," abroad,
Whose guileless heart suspected no such fraud,
Nor deem'd "*so huge a Mammoth*," a "*slim Mensch*."

* This Rev. Protégé of a certain "great man," ("*patrono cliens, dignus cliente patronus!*") in reading the Decalogue in S——h Church, omitted *four* of the commandments; and afterwards joked with "*certain officers*," upon having taken away "*four*" of their "*ten*" burdens.

But, as it sometimes happens that *Old Nick*
Will play his dearest friend a slipp'ry trick ;

Of this he gave to "Quinbus" an example :—

A *Vrouw*, who at his Worship's had been stopping,
Chanc'd at the "Merchant's Vendue" to be shopping,
And saw of "*Home's*" stray carpet a small sample !

"How bright, how beautiful (cried she), how glowing,
This remnant of a carpet, you are showing,

I wish—of such a sort, I had a whole one !"

"I wish so too," said 'Home,' with rueful phiz ;

"But of this sample, handsome as it is,

Th' orig'nal carpet from my store was stolen."



"THE BOOK" GENTRY:

MR. SATIRIST,

THOUGH you thought proper to expose those worthies, Esquire Ashe and Mr. Agg, on former occasions, I cannot but very much admire your benevolence in abstaining from insulting the fallen. When Squire Ashe's "*Spirit of the Book*" came out, you tickled him most unmercifully, and proved that he was a *forgery**; but, since the appearance of "*The Book*," you have most compassionately omitted to prove to the public the correctness of what you then stated with respect to the work which I have mentioned. Acting thus, you have displayed equal magnanimity and wisdom.

* Of St. Michael's.

I think you must feel with me, that the publication of the real Book may justly be censured as most mischievous. Consider, Sir, what numbers of wretches lived by pretending to have seen it, while yet it remained concealed. What must become of these wretches now that they are deprived of their daily bread? Sir, they have no alternative, they must starve or steal. The country will be exposed to depredations more brutal than those which they would have had courage to commit, if they had been able still to live on R——l Secrets; and, finally, it is to be expected they must of necessity be provided for at the *expense of the State*, and we shall have Jack Ketch and the Ordinary of Newgate demanding an increase of salary.

This, Sir, you cannot but see must be the inevitable consequence of that fatal publication. The poor indefatigable literary Esquires, who formerly could get food, and sometimes even appear in the public streets, when out of jail, without shocking female delicacy by their nakedness, are now all at once thrown out of work. Their industry will no longer give them bread; and, thus circumstanced, they must cease to labour: and ought it to excite surprise if the most active of them all should exclaim in the words of the interesting Miss Juliet Fitzhenry (on the night when she was wounded in the "nicest, tenderest part," while remonstrating with the *celebrated Amateur of Fashion*, on his introducing some of his friends behind the scenes), "I'll be d—d if I go on!"

The sensibility and compassion which you have already displayed on the present occasion, leads me to hope it will be extended still further. I trust, by inserting the enclosed anticipatory poem, you will let these poor devils have the consolation of knowing, that one bard at least will strike the tuneful lyre to sing their doleful fate, and

that they need not dread having their exploits and their end given to the world in an undignified common-place prose dying speech.

I am,

Mr. Satirist,

A FRIEND TO THE MISERABLE.

THE LITERARY ESQUIRES' LAST FAREWELL
TO THE WORLD.

A moving Copy of Verses.

Good people all a while attend
Unto these lines which here are penn'd,
And ere that yet it is too late
Take warning by our dreadful fate.

In gloomy cells we now do lay,

Pity our fall

Scribblers all,

Well-o-day, Well-o-day!

I, Thomas Ashe, am doom'd to die,
And on a gallows dangle high;
My literary fame must stop,
And with my pretty person drop.

Pity my fall, &c.

A Secretary I was once,
And never thought myself a dunce,
Nor dreamt I was a r—— and lout,
Till other people found me out.

Pity my fall, &c.

A Diamond Merchant too was I,
Or else I told a bouncing lie;
And this fine trade I coupled with
That of St. Michael's Money-smith.

Pity my fall, &c.

A Sunday paper then I wrote,
"The Phœnix" call'd, I'd have you note :
I hop'd this Phœnix would find cash ;
But, ah ! it would not rise *from Ash-e*.
Pity my fall, &c.

Alas ! the thought my cheek makes wan ;
My *Phœnix* look'd so like a *Swan*,
That saucy wags their tongues let loose,
And swore it made them think of *Goose*.
Pity my fall, &c.

But *Swan* or *Phœnix*, or in fun
If call'd a *Goose*, it soon was *done* ;
And presently, 'tis true, though odd,
They popp'd the bold 'Squire Ashe in quod.
Pity my fall, &c.

"The Spirit of the Book" I next
Did write, and felt no more perplex'd ;
But while another Book about,
Behold, the real Book came out.
Pity my fall, &c.

No honest way of getting bread
I had, and so to rob I sped ;
The runners soon my warmth did check,
To break my heart and break my neck.
Pity my fall, &c.

I, bold John Agg, you next will see
Adorn th' Old Bailey's fruitful tree ;
And there, deserted by my Muse,
I must at last kick off my shoes.
Pity my fall, &c.

At Bristol I was once in trade,
 And there a bankrupt I was made;
 To London then direct I came,
 To make the whole Town Talk my shame.
 Pity my fall, &c.

I went into the libel line,
 And thought I'd found of wealth a mine;
 But, melancholy is my tale,
 I soon was sent in haste to jail.
 Pity my fall, &c.

I of a Princess heard some tales,
 And also of the Prince of Wales;
 I swore the Book contain'd them all:
 The Book came out and work'd my fall.
 Pity my fall, &c.

Still eager to obtain good cheer,
 I did the deed which brings me here;
 For this they'll break the precious scragg
 Of poor John Bristol Bankrupt Agg.
 Pity my fall, &c.

I, Peter Pindar junior, too,
 Must swing with all "*The Booking*" crew;
 Some twenty of us soon they'll fetch
 On rope to breakfast with Jack Ketch.
 Pity our fall, &c.

All ye who come with ardour hot,
 To see us Authors go to pot,
 Take warning by our wretched fate,
 Be honest ere it is too late.
 Pity our fall, &c.

Ye Royal Secret Dabblers all,
Take warning by our early fall;
And when you'd fain kick up a rout,
Learn what it is you write about.

Pity our fall, &c.

And Scribblers all, where'er ye be,
When dangling high our forms you see;
Say of us that we were but *Book'd*,
And not a dish for Satan cook'd.

In gloomy cells we now do lay.

Pity our fall,

Scribblers all,

Well-o-day, Well-o-day!

P—RL—NT—RY CRITICISMS.

MR. WH—B—D.

And still he talk'd, and still the wonder grew
How one small head could know the half he knew.

GOLDSMITH.

RUDE AM I IN SPEECH!—*Home!*

MR. W——d is one of the most distinguished performers of the O. P. company, and, being a rombusious periwig-pated fellow, he delights, and splits the ears of, the groundlings. Having been playing for twenty years in the same line, he has acquired the reputation of a topping actor, in all pieces where *charges* are necessary for stage effect; or where there are much abusiveness or wrangling.

His ability in this way at the Theatre of St. St——n's, procured him to be appointed manager of the New Drury Lane; and, with all the pride of a great man, he governs one house, and tries to lead the other.

This *Buffo* is more remarkable for strength of lungs and activity than for judgment, or a proper conception of his parts. Like *Bottom*, he is for all characters, and consequently is good in none. He will roar, that it will do any man's heart good to hear him; and they say, let him roar again—let him roar again. He is wondrous strong mouthed and marvellously weak minded. Remarkable for his aversion to those who play kings and princes and great men. Against these he rants incessantly, and is never so happy as when he is breeding a disturbance in the Theatre. He has lately, however, lost much of his ability to do harm; for though he bullies about nearly as much as ever, it has been discovered, on more than one occasion, that he possesses a proper and tender regard for his own personal safety, and that he will rather consent to see the Constitution of the Country assailed without notice, than, by interfering where determined performers are engaged, endanger his own. In a word, he is the reverse of the hero in the tragedy which furnishes my second motto, for he is bold and overbearing with the timid, but with the froward and firm, patient and enduring.

Mr. Wh——d is the son of a brewer, who acquired a handsome fortune in trade by making beer, which was, in those days, a composition of malt and hops. Old people, who remember what kind of drink this now-forgotten beverage was, inform us that it was salubrious, pleasant, and strengthening. The Son followed the business of his Sire; but, being of a reforming and improving disposition, he set about mending the manufacture in which he was engaged, but (like his projected alterations to better the Old British Constitution) the experiments did not suc-

ceed, and the compound of deleterious drugs was found to be so unpalatable to beer drinkers, that a great falling off of trade and profits ensued. It was this want of success which first unsettled his mind, and set him to gadding after theatricals; and he soon after procured an engagement from Bedford, and undertook that line of parts which he has maintained ever since: and it must be confessed he has several qualifications which render him eligible for the stage. His person is clumsy and robust, and his countenance broad, flaring, and unmeaning. Never were mind and body better suited to each other, than in this actor. Equally coarse and rude—equally remarkable for original strength, though impaired by exertion in an uncongenial sphere; the former in politics instead of accounts, the latter in elevated society instead of a brew-house.

Like all democrats, Mr. W—— is a tyrant; for, trace the spirit of democracy to its source, and you will find that impatience of the control of others, springs from a desire to govern with rigour. Drury Lane feels the truth and the weight of this remark.—At the other house, when he performs, he generally injures the piece he endeavours to support. His manners are gross as his heart is vindictive: if he defends any one, he does it by accusing their adversaries; and, if he speaks upon abstract questions, the shallowness of his mental acquirements becomes so conspicuous, that, notwithstanding the loudness of his voice and the dictatorial graces of his tone and action, he is speedily discovered to be a mere brawler, who, ungifted with information himself, has no gift of communicating to others what he does not possess. In performing, he is not guilty of great variety of gesticulation. Having set himself firm upon his legs, he proceeds for a while to declaim in a steady audible manner, but his voice is utterly

incapable of inflexion: if he warms, he bawls louder; if less earnest, his intonations are lower, but still it is the same harsh, discordant, hard, and unaltered sound, without modulation, and destitute of effect. His action is well adapted to his speech. It consists of the following peculiarities. The orator knows that he has two arms, and wisely employs them alternately to inforce his arguments. This he does in a way as if he were thumping something under his girdle; or hammering at some obtrusive interruption which is rising from the ground. Having thus given three or four pegs with the right hand, he takes to the left, which, having finished its duty, is carried over to congratulate its fellow labourer, and, involved in each other, they are permitted to hang together for a few moments of rest. It cannot be said of him, that his right hand knows not what is done by his left; for it is their invariable custom to meet in an amicable manner immediately after every action in which they are engaged.

To conclude; vulgarity, which nothing can refine—coarseness, which admits of no polish—a perfect want of feeling, and of all those mental graces and amiable qualities which endear man to society, detract very strongly from all the better points in his composition, and render him an object of fear and dislike, instead of regard and affection, to almost all who have the misfortune to come within the circle of his action.

BLACK ROD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SATIRIST.

GOOD MR. SAT.

I AM a young Cit, and have, by dint of noticing in a kind manner the redoubtable constables, several times gained admission to that temple of elo-

quence, Guildhall, on the late momentous meetings of the Livery, where every thing is conducted with so much propriety, that, lest *us* citizens be confused with hearing both sides of the question, only one party are permitted to speak, who, good, grumbling, reforming souls, *never* take advantage, because they can have all their own way! You are not a liveryman, Sat. if you were, how it would astonish you to hear Mr. Waithman, who is the life and spirit of the meetings, where he will talk till the eulogies of Cicero or Demosthenes evaporate, and all is admiration of the city-drafter and orator. Sentiments, oft repeated, seldom practised, and somewhat hacknied, fall from his lips; language well adapted to raise a huzza among the folks, and a forcible jerk of the arm by way of enforcing each argument, are qualifications not wanting in him.

I wish, Mr. Satirist, you would alter a certain contemptible opinion you seem to hold concerning the good intents of these anti-government men. How can you suffer the appellation of Tag, Rag, and Bobtail, to appear in your pages, on the late procession? But, Sir, I hope, before I have done, to convey to you some idea of the real dignity and grandeur of the party. I know one or two went in *their own coaches*—no questions how they got 'em, Sat: and if one of the aldermen was so purblind as not to perceive their respectability, join them at their journey's end, and leave them directly after the ceremony, it does not follow, especially as another came by the most public way with all who would attend him, but that they were as goodly a company of trading honourables, who maintain the Majesty of the People, as ever turned out of shops in their most imposing attire. One would conclude, by your account, Falstaff's troop was outdone, of whom he says, "I'll not march through Coventry with 'em, that's flat." What! though some of the equipages

were rather crazy, yet, between us, they hinted strongly at the occupiers.—Hem!—As to the Lord Mayor's taking them to Tyburn, 'twas impolitic: perhaps his lordship meant to glance at some of the cavalcade; but he should remember people hate to dwell on the unpleasant likelihoods of futurity, which speak prophetic to the mind.—But now for the burden of my complaint, the styling that Paragon of city nobility, Alderman Wood, a Wooden Alderman—oh, Blasphemy—thereby insinuating he is an ill-taught, awkward blockhead, he who is accounted one of the most erudite members of the great corporation—You'll raise a host about ye, Satisfist, if you encourage disrespect to this city meteor, the idol of the people. When, on his return from Kensington, he arrived near home, a gang (*um*) company took the horses out of his carriage, and, to testify their love of disinterested duty, became his ponies. Ya-hip, says Coachy, you be —, very kindly answered the cattle. Thus, amid shouts of applause from mantua-maker's apprentices, who flourished in the air garnished rags and cabbaged pieces finely embroidered, screams of children, *huzza-ing* of carmen, old clothes-men, and apple-women, he arrived at the Baptist-Head Coffee-House, glowing with transport at his increasing celebrity. An inherent noble generosity, elevated by the impulse of the moment, caused him to draw forth from his pocket, in order that the admiring hundred might drink his health—*Nine . . . Shillings . . .* Retract, ye loyal Satirist, withdraw your late sneers, and, join me in raising shouts to the noble inspiration of reward that actuated the heart of London's loved Wood.—*Nine Shillings—three Three-shilling pieces . . .* The ponies gave three cheers (one to each bit of money I suppose); the old women in the neighbourhood trembled, and hastened to close the doors, and lock up the silver

spoons; the mobility were divided how to act; some were for having the money preserved as a grateful remembrance of fine feeling, but the difficulty was, who could be trusted with it. After some scrutiny, evidently none there—well, spend it they must. To the George Inn they hied. The landlord seeing such an assemblage, some *shoeless*, others *hatless* (all senseless), locked his doors, and refused the rabble admittance. Some proposed to wreak their vengeance on such a fellow, by demolishing a few windows; but the majority wisely observed the loss of the order would be sufficient punishment, and, amid sneers at the George's stupidity, arrived at the Weaver's Arms, London Wall, where they issued their commands, and, amid eloquent harangues, enjoyed the beneficence of the eloquent Alderman. Whether there were any blows respecting the division and subdivision, I know not; yet I think some must have lack'd a draught. Think of these fine doings, Sat. and assist me in forming themes of praise for the illustrious Wood.—Good bye t' ye.

Good Sat. from yours,

Addle Street.

J. F. F.

ROKEBY.

OH! it is fine to get a name,
 To rise by wild romance to fame!
 To get kind booksellers to buy
 The stories that in embrio lie;
 To get, ere yet we write a line,
 THREE THOUSAND POUNDS!—oh, it is fine.
 Hail BALLANTYNE, hail flowing Tees,
 Hail castles, turrets, armor, trees,

And hail to all whose wealth abounds,
Who give for rhymes three thousand pounds !
"Charge, Chester, charge—on, Stanley, on"—
Were the last words of Marmi-on.
Yet let the Muse not rest upon
Of BALLANTYNE, mere honest JOHN,
But let her, with a lofty glow,
Hail JAMMIE BALLANTYNE also :
These are the patrons who, God wot,
Bring forth the lays of WALTER SCOTT ;
Send them to Paternoster Row,
Scene of the ROBINSONS and Co. ;
Where dwell great LONGMANS, REES, and HURST,
High, if of Booksellers not first ;
And let us also note the form,
Of their mild partner, honest ORME.
These, these, are they who pay Dan WALTER,
A bard, who ne'er his strains can alter ;
Bid him spin out those strains so rare,
Like him who high at Smithfield fair,
Turning to north, west, east, and south,
Pulls the long ribband from his mouth ;
And to the crowd, with dext'rous skill,
Draws forth the self-same ribband still.
Hail, WALTER SCOTT, with bold equality,
Thou lyric lord of large locality !
How must we joy to see thee stride,
By moor and mountain, shore and tide,
Intent the reader's mind to trap,
And fire his fancy by the map !
Rival of SOLOMON and BRODUM,
If folks will take thy nostrums, load 'em—
Thou art the darling of APOLLO,
And with narcotics beat'st them hollow.

Take all the cash the world can spare
 From learning, science, genius rare.
 If the *last Minstrel's* lay they name,
 Or *Marmion* raise to matchless fame;
 If eager fashion's thirst to slake,
 Thy Muse should float us with a *Lake*;
 Still, still unalter'd is the song,
 Thy works the fav'rite themes prolong;
 And *ROKEBY* kindly gives us more
 Of what delighted us before:
 The same the mountain, forest, rill,
 The wondrous *SMITHFIELD RIBBAND* still.

THE MOON.

On the DISCOVERY of the Impostor ANN MOORE.

THE fasting woman's caught at last,
 The bold delusion o'er;
 'Tis known, had she not broke her fast,
 She must have been no *M(o)ore*.

QUIBBLE.

On the recent PERFORMANCE of Mrs. SIDDONS.

MOTHER Siddons's conduct is certainly queer,
 She heeds not the vow of the past;
 She play'd, as she said, for the *last time last year*,
 And now the time *after the last*.

T.

*On the RESOLUTION of the Drury Lane Committee to place
a STONE BUST of Mr. WHITBREAD, by Bacon, in the
grand Saloon.*

THIS whirligig world as it rolls still keeps changing,
To sport with the fools on its wide surface ranging;
The theatres varying now every day,
Bring any thing forward instead of the play.
Covent Garden, to charm us, gives new private boxes,
Let nightly to those who would there take their doxies:
New Drury depends still upon its Saloon,
And vows she will add to its ornaments soon,
By giving the bust of Sam Whitbread to grace it,
And Bacon the sculptor is told there to place it.
So those who are taken to Drury next year,
May count on new pleasures from old English cheer,
Of being regal'd well with *Bacon* and *Beer*;
And Whitbread in glory shall flourish on high,
While Shakspeare's left down in the lobby to fry.

FROTH.

LETTER of CONDOLENCE to Mr. CREEVEY.

YOUR case, indeed, friend Creevey's hard,
From publishing to be debarr'd
The libels you may speak;
Such tyranny must bring to nought
A man with your good nature fraught,
Who speaks a score a week.

Friend to reform, and friend to Brough'm,
Submit not calmly to the doom,
Or people will repine;
For, ah! what can the public do!
They're lost, if libellers like you
Are liable to fine.

The privilege of Parliament,
So *undefin'd*, gives discontent,
Define it then, to let
All sorts of libels issue thence,
As things which cannot give offence,
From *you*, *Brough'm* and *Burdett*.

Our liberty is much annoy'd,
Our constitution is destroy'd,
If this be not allow'd.
Rise, patriots, with the subject warm,
And roar out, "Radical Reform,
And libels for the crowd."

What's Magna Charta? tell me Wights;
And tell me what the Bill of Rights?
What use are both of these:
If every bullying M. P.
May not lie with impunity,
And libel whom he please?

Without this all our hope's laid low,
And I'm afraid 'tis on the go,
Since it so much has cost you,
For I must say it, though with pain,
Your eloquence will never gain
The hundred it has lost you.

JOHN BULL.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA!



MR. CANNING'S *Speeches at Liverpool.*

MR. ROSCOE'S *Review of the same.*



THE REVIEWER REVIEWED.

(*Concluded from page 483.*)

IN the progress of our Review of Mr. R.'s pamphlet, we have met with many instances of confused, puerile, and irrelevant reasoning, mingled with several impotent attempts at pleasantry; but in Mr. R.'s attempt to expose the fallacy of Mr. Canning's observations on "War and Scarcity," we shall find something worse. Mr. R. has misrepresented his antagonist—he has done more, he has wilfully misrepresented him. *Ecce signum!* The friends of the rejected candidates having endeavoured in a time of scarcity to excite the mob against their opponents, by parading a small and a large, as a war and a peace loaf among their standards, Mr. Canning justly considered, that their intention was to charge the supporters of the war with being the authors of the scarcity, and consequently of the distresses of the poor. At the close of that day's poll, on which those emblems were first exhi-

biting in the hope of propping up a falling cause, he therefore asserted, that the scarcity was to be principally attributed to the failure of the seasons, and that there was "*no such necessary connexion between the question of war and the question of scarcity,*" as his opponents intended to lead the populace to believe by displaying the emblems alluded to. Our readers will compare the passage from Mr. C.'s address we have put in italics, with the address itself, to be assured of its accuracy. Let them then turn to page 31 of Mr. Roscoe's Review for the proof of the wilful misrepresentation we have charged upon him. In pretending to quote Mr. Canning's words, Mr. R. states them thus, between inverted commas too, and in italic characters—"no connexion between war and scarcity," whereas the expression is "*no such necessary connexion,*" &c. He is even bold enough to take a still greater liberty with the understanding of his readers, and in a paraphrase of his own to state it as Mr. Canning's position, "*that war has no effect whatever upon the quantum of subsistence produced for the human race.*" For the deliberate adoption of these various readings we can assign no other motives than a wish to keep up the delusion on this subject which Mr. R.'s party endeavoured by their memorable devices to spread among the populace, and to start a most absurd position, as Mr. Canning's, that he might show his dexterity in hunting it down amid the applauses of his retainers. The fact, however, is, that Mr. Canning has stated no such position; neither his words nor his meaning is given.—The fraud cannot be justified even on the accommodating principle of *inference*: both the words and the sense are palpably perverted. Mr. R. affects to undervalue Mr. C.'s talents; but, whatever they may be, a man of still weaker talents could never have asserted, that "*war has no effect whatever upon the quantum of sul-*

sistence produced for the human race." This is the man of straw, both set up and manfully thrown to the ground by Mr. Roscoe, who boasts that he has brought down a giant! Had Mr. C.'s addresses not been in the hands of the public, no man of sense would ever have believed that he would have uttered a proposition as ridiculous as if he had said, that if in time of war a regiment of cavalry had made a charge in a field of growing corn, that circumstance would have had no effect *whatever* upon the quantum of subsistence produced for the human race. Mr. R. doubtless makes as free with Mr. Canning's intellects, as those of his own party, of whom he is the oracle, in supposing him to believe that war is not attended with "waste and desolation, and the destruction of magazines and harvests;" and that these truths are too recondite for Mr. C.'s faculties, and open only to the penetration of his own!

The true position laid down by Mr. C. is sufficiently obvious. His opponents had attributed the scarcity wholly to the war, and, had excluded all consideration of the seasons; and, by calling the small loaf "a war loaf," and the large one "a peace loaf, had asserted "a *necessary* connexion between war and scarcity." Mr. C. on the contrary, asserted, that the seasons and not the war was the cause of the scarcity, and thus denied, not that the war had no effect at all in this case, but that there was "no such *necessary* connexion" between the two, as his opponents had proclaimed. This argument is untouched by Mr. R. who flies off to a very different subject, with much good policy, though not with much fairness. The argument is unanswerable. For, if there be a *necessary* connexion between war and scarcity, there must be an absolute and universal connexion between them. But there is not an absolute and universal connexion between them;

for Russia, though invaded by the most numerous army which despotism has in modern times ever thrown upon a nation, having been blessed with a favourable season, feels no scarcity. Spain, also, though it has been the seat of war for several years, rejoices in the plenteousness of her late harvest. Thus the *necessary* connexion is disproved. Mr. Canning might have gone further, and proved his position from the history of our own country. If there be a *necessary* connexion between war and scarcity, then, as we have been for twenty years in a state of war, we must have had twenty years of scarcity. But we have had no years of scarcity but such as have resulted from unfavourable seasons, and therefore there is no *necessary* connexion between a state of war and a state of scarcity, and the seasons have an infinitely more powerful effect upon plenty and abundance than either peace or war.

This is precisely what Mr. Canning has said. He has denied and affirmed nothing as to the waste of war; but as the largest armies can waste but a few districts, while a frowning season shall ravage a whole continent, the waste of war in comparison of the effects of the seasons are as a mole-hill to a mountain, and could never have had any importance attached to them but by a factious and mischievous party. The "*philosophers*" have not therefore "*brought the solution*" of Mr. Canning's phenomenon, and the philosopher who has attempted it has shown himself unacquainted with even the philosophy of the first principles of logic. He has not only misrepresented Mr. C. or, if his motives must be saved at the expense of his sagacity, misunderstood him; but he has misunderstood *his own notable authority* of an "old almanack." "War," says this important document, "begets poverty," but the question is not whether "war begets poverty, but

scarcity. Nor will the *argumentum ad hominem*, founded upon Mr. C.'s observation at the public dinner after the election, that the "agriculture of France languishes for want of hands," serve his purpose better than the almanack, even with the aid of capital letters, unless Mr. R. can prove the *necessary* consequences of the languishing of agriculture is to produce *scarcity*. Less corn may be reaped from the earth, and France may have had less to export; but it will not follow that the people of France must have been starved in consequence. The facts here are against Mr. Roscoe. France, though engaged in perpetual wars, has experienced no scarcity but what has been the result of unfruitful seasons, and the last scarcity experienced there was evidently the result of that cause, and not of a state of war.

If Mr. Canning has excited the animosity of Mr. Roscoe for having, by a single observation, dissipated that delusion by which the party of Messrs. Brougham and Creevey hoped to exasperate the populace against their opponents, and to bind them to their own standards, he is treated with as little decorum and fairness for having uttered what in Mr. R.'s view appears a still more horrible sentiment. Not only has he dared to say, that there is "*no necessary connexion between war and scarcity*;" but that the national *glory* derived from so many recent and brilliant achievements in war is some consolation to the public under its privations. This appears to be a political heresy of the worst kind, and because this glory will not feed the hungry and clothe the naked, it is in Mr. R.'s opinion worse than nonsense, it is a cruel insult to our suffering countrymen. This is in the true spirit of Sir John Falstaff, "*Can honour set a leg? No: or an arm? No: or take away the grief of a wound? No: Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No: What's Honour? A word. What is*

that word honour? *Air; a trim reckoning! Therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism.*"

Mr. Roscoe is, however, we apprehend, almost the first politician who has indicated a wish to extirpate a sense of glory from the nation as one means of promoting its happiness; and, if that feeling or faculty be not extirpated, Mr. Canning's position will remain in full force, for whilst the principle remains, the success of our arms must operate as an alleviation to our sufferings by gratifying it. Perhaps, however, to destroy the principle itself is one of the *reforms* meditated by Mr. R. and his friends, and the state is to be constituted and conducted independently of its influence. With deference, however, to Sir John Falstaff and Mr. Roscoe, we conceive that though "honour cannot set a leg, it may alleviate the *grief of a wound*;" and with equal deference to both, we also conceive, that though the glory of our successes cannot bring the dead to life, it may eventually both feed the hungry and clothe the naked. If national glory be character, character is strength, and our successes give us rank among the nations. They strengthen our friends, and they weaken our enemies. If there be a sense of national glory among us, and, with the exception of the adherences of Mr. R.'s school, we believe that in no country does it exist in greater force than in Britain; our successes will not only give patience to the country under its "privations," but animate it to new efforts against the enemy; and as strong efforts in war are the most effectual means of bringing war to a conclusion, then the love of glory which Mr. Roscoe so much undervalues may hasten a state of *peace*, and the very object for which Mr. R. and his friends clamour may be brought about with all its happy effects upon our "*starving artizans*" by the very means which

he so loudly condemns! But it is perhaps because this principle tends to encourage warlike efforts that Mr. Roscoe scouts it. In this, however, he has some excuse. It is this principle among others which has kept the hearts of Britons from admitting those doctrines so strongly advocated by him and his friends, and which has preserved the country from that state of submission to France which it is the direct tendency of those doctrines to effect. The sense of national glory and the pride of independence stand in the way of their purposes, and therefore it is that they are impugned. Admirable philosophers! They would wring this principle from the breasts of our soldiers, and then, according to the American model by which they would new frame us, a commander might give the word, but his army would *deliberate on returning home*, for "can honour set a leg or an arm?" They would rob the country of it, for can national glory supply the wants of commerce? A truly Dutch principle this! It, however, cost Holland her independence. The Roscoes of that country succeeded in purging it perfectly enough of a predilection for national glory; peace was the burden of their song, and "can honour set a leg?" the chorus, till not the loss of independence itself could rouse them to a sense of their degradation. We, it seems, are to be reformed to the same torpor, by something like a reversal of the Promethean process. To make men Prometheus brought fire to his clay; but Mr. R. wisely judges that the clay will never take *his* mould till the fire be abstracted, and the property of heaven restored!!

Besides a panegyric on Mr. Brougham, and some remarks on the American war, on which subjects we have before offered our opinions at some length, nothing remains in Mr. R.'s pamphlet that deserves notice but his

observations on peace, and recent events have produced such a change in affairs as renders it unnecessary to follow him minutely over his old common places on this subject. As far as Mr. Canning is concerned, it were easy to point out the same unfairness and irrelevancy of reasoning which we have before noticed; but we shall dismiss the subject with a few general observations. Mr. Roscoe is one of those politicians who are anxious to have it believed that there is a pacific disposition in the French councils, and that Great Britain has it in her power at any time to obtain a peace, and this in opposition to the evidence of every fact which is daily transpiring in the conduct of the enemy. He seems to conceive that a peace with France under her present ruler would be attended with the same return to pacific relations and measures which were the results of peace in former times; and this doctrine is asserted in opposition to the facts that France has employed in every instance the period of peace in preparation for new encroachments on those very states she had admitted into a professed amity. Another principle discernible in his writings is, that the more inordinate the power of France is, the more necessary it is to make peace with that power, which principle resolves itself into this, that the less *security* we have for the observance of peace the more earnestly ought it to be sought. Mr. Roscoe also holds, that the personal character of Buonaparte is to be put out of sight in every question of peace, notwithstanding, from the absolute power vested in him, and supported by a military force, his personal character is the same as his political character; and the maxims of his government are wholly drawn from it. With the full knowledge of the circumstance that Buonaparte has made the sacrifice of our maritime rights, the *sine qua non* of negociation, he still cries out for peace, which warrants

the inference that he wishes for peace upon the enemy's own terms, notwithstanding the halting pretensions to the contrary in the 51st page of his Review, which are either utterly beside the question, or a mere hood to something beyond it. These appear to be, as far as we can judge, Mr. Roscoe's views on this subject, and they either prove a miserable deficiency of political knowledge, a disposition to raise a clamour for an object which is neither defined, nor contemplated in all its collateral bearings or its consequences; or to indicate a timid and confused mind, sickening with a false philanthropy, and which renders a man unfit for a politician in times like the present, as he is a proper instrument to be used for purposes beyond his own by a party even more turbulent and dangerous than the times themselves. It is, however, sufficiently clear, that had Mr. R.'s principles have been predominant in Spain or Russia, the present cheering prospect of public affairs would not have been produced. As far as they have operated, they have encouraged, both at home and on the continent, the tyranny of France, and had they not been counteracted by others more worthy of the man and the citizen, the continent would have remained sealed under the despotism from which it is now relieved. A part of Mr. R.'s strictures would then certainly have been uncalled for, for little indeed of "national glory" would have remained to give us consolation under our sufferings.

Upon the whole, we conjecture that Mr. Roscoe has gained little additional credit by his last publication, he has re-stated his own opinions without any additional support, and has aimed at exposing the fallacy of those held by Mr. Canning without success.

THE ACCIDENTS OF HUMAN LIFE, &c. By
NEWTON BOSWORTH. Lackington, Allen, and Co. pp.
209. Price 4s. 6d.

THIS very useful little work, which the press of other matter prevented us from noticing heretofore, we cannot suffer to pass over another month without recommending in the warmest manner to the public. Its object is of the most praise-worthy description; and its execution such, that, if we have any thing to regret, it is that a production, calculated so pre-eminently for general utility, should not have been extended to more enlarged limits, and directed to furnish the mind with provisions against a greater number of possible contingencies. We are far, however, from meaning by this to say, that the volume is imperfect—on the contrary, it embraces a vast variety of accidents “from flood and fire,” as well as from other sources, and points out the most instant and best modes of avoiding them ourselves, alleviating their effects, and assisting others who may be exposed to danger.

To teach us, in an agreeable and entertaining manner, to be alert, firm, and collected, on all occasions where self-preservation is necessary, and to render us capable of administering aid to our fellow-creatures when assailed by perils the most imminent and fatal, is the philanthropic purpose of this tract. In carrying this benevolent design into effect, the author has contrived to bring together much information, to enrich his narrative with anecdotes at once amusing and instructing, and to render the most scientific inventions for the safeguard of life and limb familiar to every capacity. Even childhood is

instructed in the means by which it may not only guard itself from many ills, but how it may employ its feeble powers in the cause of suffering humanity.

The work is divided into ten chapters; the first a well-written introductory address—the next three inculcating the line of conduct to be pursued in cases of fire, &c.—the fifth miscellaneous cautions on the same subject; the 6th, 7th, and 8th, treat of accidents by water in a similar manner, and the two last are directed to accidents at play and in travelling. The whole combined, furnishes a mass of most interesting intelligence, and most useful information. It is a book that no family should be without; and every schoolboy or girl in particular ought to be made acquainted with its lessons. It is illustrated by several neat plates, representing apparatus for preserving life, in cases of the utmost danger, from either of the destructive elements we have just mentioned. The style is clear, plain, and perspicuous, and well adapted for the beneficial design in which it is employed.

Again, sincerely advising its perusal to all classes of people, we shall conclude these observations with rather a ludicrous extract from page 15—it is the advice given in case of being roused from sleep by the cry of "*Fire.*" The author very kindly inquires what you would do? and, after stating that you ought to avoid hurry, adds, "As soon as you have received the alarm, endeavour to collect yourself, and *be as COOL as possible!!!*"

LAST TRIFLES IN VERSE. *By the Rev. CHARLES EDWARD STEWART, Author of Charles' Small Clothes; the Foxiad; the Regicide, &c. Burkett, Sudbury; Hatchard, Piccadilly; Bickerstaff, Essex Street. pp. 115. Price 7s. 6d.*

WE are always happy to pay our respects to productions, the sole aim of which appears to be to disseminate and enforce the soundest principles of morality and loyalty. Among such works, the one before us has the honour to rank, and is therefore entitled to our warmest commendations. The contents are so various, that it would be impossible even to particularize them within the bounds to which we are restricted. Suffice it to say, that, under the modest and unassuming title of "Trifles," the author has presented to the public a collection which boasts not only of political and ethical purity; but of much good writing, and a very considerable portion of amusing anecdote and humour. Naval Odes, Epistles, Hymeneals, Prologues and Epilogues, Miscellaneous Trifles, Imitations, Letters, Translations, Political Trifles, &c. &c. swell the catalogue of this diversified nosegay; and many of the flowers possess laudable beauty and fragrance. We have only room to extract the following:

The cursed crocodile in Egypt's flood,
Delights to drink, but weeps o'er human blood.
Tears, such as these, might Botley's bloodhound * shed,
Were Gibbs, like Perceval, untimely dead:
But tears he scorns, and boasts, without alloy,
Pure bliss in blood, and howls and laughs for joy.

* So called, *honoris ergo*, because in one of his late Registers he says, that he was glad to hear of the death of Perceval, and because every week he marks out by name, for future assassination, the prosecutor, the jury and the judges, who tried, convicted, and sentenced him to the punishment he had long and infamously deserved.

MR. CREEVEY.

WE are glad to remark, that the opinion we delivered on the libel system of this honourable gentleman, has, since our last, received a concurrent determination from all the judges in the court of King's Bench. Thus the laws are with us, in thinking that a return to Parliament is not a qualification for murdering reputations, and that being a Member is no excuse for publishing libels. We had intended to offer some further remarks on this subject; but as the matter will in a few days be brought under the consideration of the House of Commons (the decision of which body, we have no doubt, must agree with that of the courts below), we deem it right to abstain, for the present, from stating what we think of this new attempt at introducing libelling for legislation.

 THE EDITOR OF THE NEWS AND LADY PERCEVAL.

WE have dipped even further into this subject than we had done, when we wrote the notice in our last; and find it so full of matter, that we must develope it to the utmost, or abstain from a garbled statement. The early history of this honourable Editor, and the reason why he never travelled to foreign parts in quest of *News*, have been unfolded to us; and the late history of the honourable Lady's life has been made somewhat familiar to us—but there is so much of mystery still remaining, that we dare not venture upon the bottomless deep. When we can come to soundings, our readers may rely on as curious a story as ever yet was laid before the public.

MRS. SIDDONS.

WE have promised also, an elucidation of the arts practised in order to procure the return of this lady to the stage. This, like the former, continues unripe for publication. Mrs. Siddons continues *to say* she will play no more. She pocketed 2000 guineas by her readings, but this she cannot expect to do again; and it is only when *pinching poverty* comes on (i. e. the lack of that incessant feeding which avarice requires), that she will seriously think of giving her last farewell the lie. Much as we delight in her performance, we shall hold it the duty of a work, whose object is to expose quackery and imposition, to elucidate all the tricks and intrigues respecting this mummary—the unreal state of the subscription solicitations—the interested quality of matter altogether, and the shameful cheat it would be upon the managers of Covent Garden, who paid Mrs. Siddons last year a sum which was only warranted by the understanding that it was indeed her last season. Chicanery is unworthy of her talents; and we beg to suggest, if she must perform, that it may be only for such charitable purposes as the last, aided by her magical powers.

THEATRES.

Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti.

HORACE.

OUR Theatrical review is this month very limited, because we do not hold it necessary to direct critical attention to houses which, under the name of Royal Theatres, furnish

the town three times a week with three pantomimes or farces, and do not act regular plays. We have not condescended to criticise Tottenham Court Road Theatre, or Sadler's Wells; and when Drury Lane and Covent Garden degrade themselves to a level with these elegant places, we consider them equally unworthy of notice.

DRURY LANE.—A new musical piece of two acts has been produced at this Theatre, "*The Russian*." The general aspect of a drama with that title, may be readily conjectured, and the plot may be almost as briefly explained. A Russian is left by his comrades wounded, and, as they think, dead, on the field of battle: his wife determines to find his body in order to bury it: her own countrymen refuse to return with her on so frantic a project: a good natured Irishman, therefore, offers himself; and, for what purpose we know not, except that the more simpletons the better, for so foolish an enterprise, she takes her child also. The husband is, however, found alive, and then they have all four to escape as fast as they can from the cold and snow: "*occupet extremum scabies*;" i. e. "the last will be sure to be frost-bitten." That last is the lady. The husband carries off the child first; then he is in his turn distracted till the Cossacks bring him his wife. As soon as this is effected, the piece concludes with a Russian dance, a great many praises of England, and a miserable rag-fair exhibition of goods sent from this Island for the relief of the Russians.

This account of the plot will denote incidentally its radical defects. There are beyond these some ludicrous absurdities. The second act begins with a Russian shower of snow, which covers the stage, as shreds of paper do a bookseller's shop floor. When Mrs. Orloff also is fainting with cold, she recollects that she has got a drop of something comfortable in her pocket. This being produced,

the child and she dispute who shall have the first swig of the dram-bottle. The child conquers, and after, as Sancho says, "he has taken aim at the moon," (which by some mismanagement of the scenery, rose like an air-balloon) there is none left for the mother, and she of course faints first.

This insignificant, dull, and unworthy compilation of trash, is from the pen of Mr. Thomas Sheridan, and has been regularly hissed every night during its performance. But the managers of Drury are not to be abashed. They have added one more to their abortions, and the town is disgusted beyond measure by their perseverance and absurdity, rendered much more conspicuous from all the talent-boasting with which they set out.

COVENT GARDEN.—Education, in spite of its demerits and our prognostics, continues to be played occasionally. It is founded on the prevailing rage for scientific accomplishments, for the promotion of which so many Institutions and Lectures have been established; and certainly the affectation in our females, of possessing a jargon of technical terms, is a legitimate object of comedy. Mr. Morton evidently set out with the design of exposing this frivolity, and of showing the errors and absurdities to which it would inevitably expose the sex; but whether owing to his just experience, that the taste of the town is easily disgusted with that which deforms the female character, or whether it sickened on his own imagination in its progress, we know not; but certainly, after the first opening of the character, so infected with the smattering of science caught in the modern school, we find her a truant from its precepts, and that she falls into the familiarity of common conversation—nay, surrenders her heart to a Booby Epicure, who has nothing congenial to her passion in his character,

There is also brought forward on the stage, certainly for the first time, a *Sunday School-boy*, whose office in the comedy is to preach a number of *moralties* to the audience, in the good set phrase of the *Child's Guide*. Certain it is, that, when the youth had pronounced a most pious ejaculation of the benefits to be conferred on aged parents from the early tuition of their offspring, among which was enumerated the consolation to be derived from their not only assisting them in their worldly labours, but by reading an exhortation preparing them for the world that is to come—a person (no doubt a parish clerk, forgetting where he was) pronounced an Amen. Our respect for the genuine duties of religion draw from us this reprobation of the first attempt we ever witnessed to introduce this species of preaching into our theatres. It is out of place, and we trust it will not become fashionable.

The other characters are rather to be considered as copies, with slight variations of feature, than as original portraits; but they are busily employed. There is an elaborate rounding of periods which smells somewhat too much of the lamp. Vapid sentiment, and extraordinarily dull declamation, are the bane of this miscalled Comedy.—The character of Boniface is most unnatural and disgusting; that of Ellen equally unnatural—Sir Guy, a non-entity in the present generation of men—Aspic most contemptible and absurd—Templeton verging on swindling; his wife, on debauchery; and his son, on villainy—yet they are all made happy in the *end*, and so ends this miserable Comedy, which has been spared because others (wonderful to relate) are worse.

THE END OF THE TWELFTH VOLUME.

A full and complete Index will be given in our next Number.

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*The Articles prefixed with a Star * are poetical.*

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